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GAA

Gaelic Sport

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KEVIN HEFFERNAN: THE LAST HURRAH

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MICK O'CONNELL: THE GREATEST?

(See page 47)



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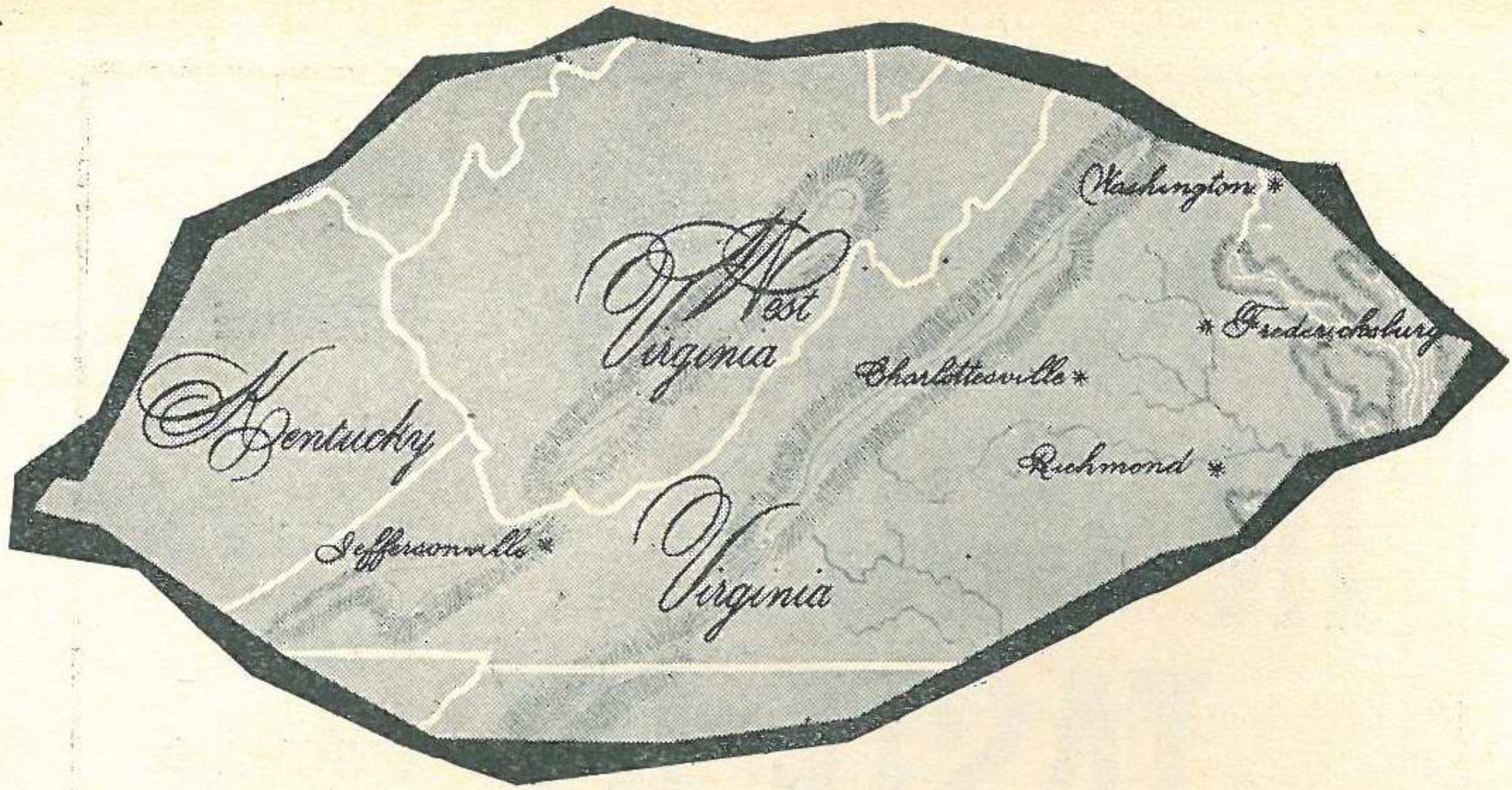
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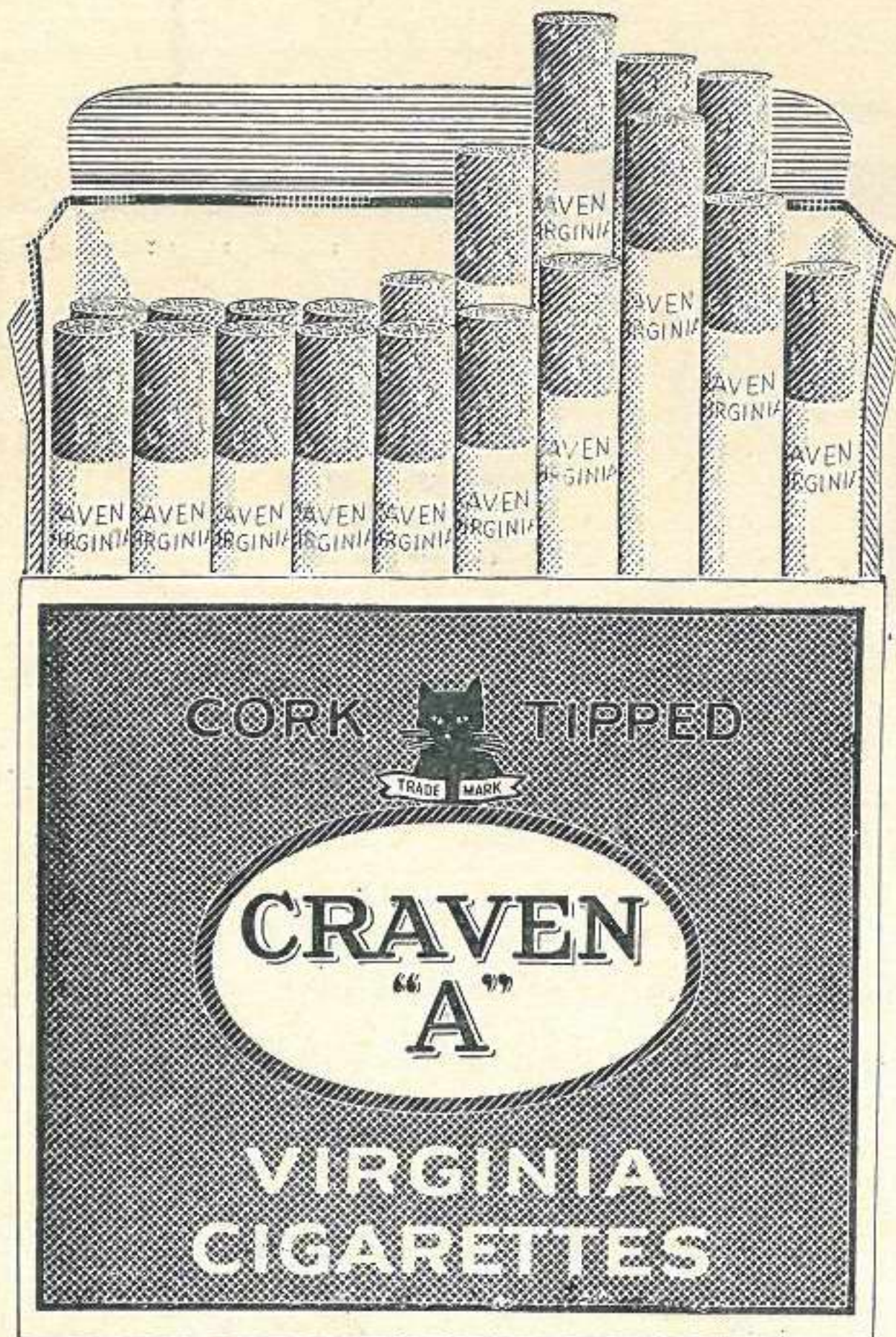
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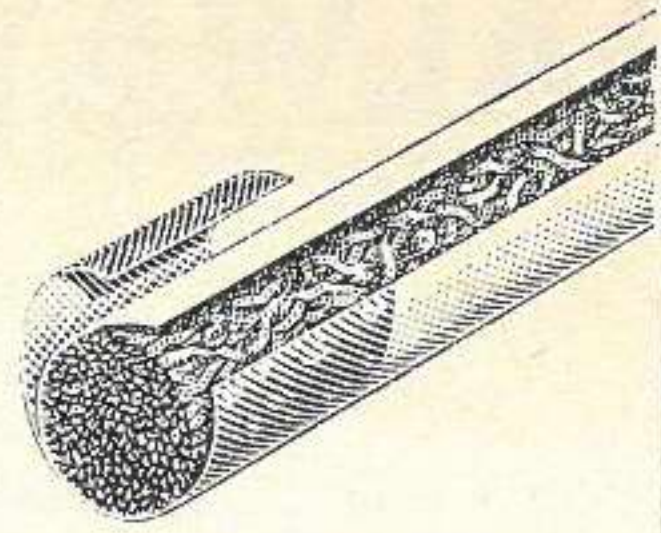


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Editorial

Triumph and tragedy

EACH year, the All-Ireland hurling and football championships bring their quota of triumph and tragedy to the men who participate in them. The chance of being distinguished by one or the other is all part of the roulette wheel of competition on which every team gambles as they set out in quest of All-Ireland titles. But the chance is always worth taking; for glory is always the goal.

Rarely, however, have those twin daughters of Dame Fortune stood out in such bold relief as in 1962.

First, there was triumph, and it came to one of the finest hurlers of our time on the first Sunday in September. Fittingly, too, it came to the most typically traditional of all Tipperary's modern hurling men.

When Tipperary beat Wexford in that memorable Final, John Doyle, the Munster champions' right full back, became the first player from the Premier County to win six All-Ireland senior medals. It was a tremendous achievement for a man who had decided to retire from the game five years ago, but who came back in response to the selectors' plea that his county still needed his services. It was the crowning glory in a career that has stretched over fourteen honour-laden years.

Three weeks later, tragedy befell a man at least as great as Doyle in his own game, and no less worthy of the highest reward in the Gaelic Athletic Association.

For fourteen years, Gerry

O'Malley had served the Roscommon football team with peerless skill and steadfast loyalty. But from the first time he kicked a ball in his county's senior jersey in 1947 until September, 1962, Roscommon had failed to qualify for the All-Ireland final.

When, at last, they reached the decider three months' ago everyone who was not a Kerryman hoped that O'Malley would win his long-overdue All-Ireland medal in his first appearance in a Final.

He failed. But it was not the failure in itself that embodied the undertones of tragedy for this great sportsman from Kiltoom: O'Malley is familiar enough with defeat through the years to be able to look upon the last without useless regrets.

No; the tragic touch in the Roscommon captain's unsuccessful first appearance in a Final was his disappearance from the game midway through the second half. Injury forced him to retire from the battle when his leadership was most needed, and one feels that he regrets that a great deal more than he does the demolition of his life's ambition.

His retreat, too, left the inevitable question-mark. He had moved to midfield in an effort to rally the side just before his injury: Would the rally have succeeded had he been there to see it through?

The fact that the question can never be answered is the real tragedy for Roscommon, and for their great-hearted captain, O'Malley,

A WONDERFUL FINAL

IF they had not scored two goals in the first minute or so of the All-Ireland final, would Tipperary be All-Ireland senior hurling champions to-day?

Well, I feel that the answer to that question largely depends on whether you are a Tipperary man or a Wexford man. Tipperary people will be adamant that their favourites would have won whatever happened, while Wexford followers will ever remain convinced that, but for those two shock goals, the McCarthy Cup would rest to-day beside the Slaney.

As a neutral, watching the game, I felt this much, that the decisive period was in the last ten minutes when Wexford ran out of steam and that it was age rather than anything else that decided the issue.

On the other hand, the matter may fairly be stated this way, that, if Wexford had not fallen so early and so heavily into arrears, they would have been enabled to space their race better and in all probability would have kept a vital reserve of energy on hand for those very closing stages.

I may be wrong, but I have an idea that Wexford went out on the field with the idea of more or less containing Tipperary through the first-half and then really getting at the All-Ireland champions after the interval.

If that was the Wexford plan of campaign, and it sounds a sensible approach for a side with quite a number of veterans, the plan was knocked skew-ways by those first-minute scores.

Those goals meant that Wexford were in the

'red' almost from the word go, and they had to throw everything they had into the battle to make up the lost ground.

As a result, they had little left when the vital closing stages came. Well, I suppose it is a nice theory anyway, but thinking back over the game now I am forced to the conclusion that the fundamental cause of the Wexford defeat was the speed and stamina of one man, Donie Nealon.

Everytime I look back over the last ten minutes of that game the man who seemed to be everywhere is the same Donie Nealon, roaming everywhere from his seventy yards line to the Wexford square and always popping up where Wexford least wanted him to be.

Wexford had no man able to cover ground as Nealon did at that stage of the proceedings, and he almost gave Tipperary the advantage of having an extra man. The greatest tribute that can be paid to Wexford, is that even with Nealon here, there and everywhere, it took Tipperary all their time to win.

But to come back to those two early goals, I have never seen scores that so amply proved how much an inch or two means in so big a game.

Let us go back to the start of that match. From the throw-in Wexford sent the ball upfield, where it reached Matt O'Gara, unmarked in the right-half back position for Tipperary.

Matt blocked the ball, got it into his hand, but was slow about striking and Ned Wheeler, following up fast, blocked the ball off O'Gara's hurley as the Toomevara man struck.



MATT O'GARA
Tipperary



NED WHEELER
Wexford



MICK BURNS
Tipperary

That ball broke down within a foot or two of the touch-line, but broke infield instead of breaking out and went to Michael Maher who had come ranging out to see what Ned Wheeler was up to. Wheeler, off balance after blocking one stroke, almost, but not quite, got up to block Maher's too, but Michael sent the ball up beyond mid-field where Jimmy Doyle went racing for it. A Wexford man, more anxious to keep the ball away from Doyle than to send it anywhere in particular, just flicked at the sliothar which went into touch, and from that touch-puck came Tipperary's first goal.

Before we were back in our seats after that sensation, Nick O'Donnell had missed the puck-out (a thing I have never known to occur before), also failed to get away his attempt on the ground and there were Tipperary two goals in front.

And now, as an exercise for the long winter nights, I am going to ask my readers to figure out for themselves what might have happened in any of the following circumstances.

(A), If Wheeler had not blocked Matt O'Gara's stroke and the ball had sailed out into the middle of the field where Matt had aimed it?

(B), If, when Wheeler blocked that stroke, the ball had gone into touch there and then.

(C), If the ball had screwed back to Wheeler instead of screwing on to Michael Maher?

(D), If Maher's stroke had not been turned into touch?

One thing I feel is certain, that if anything else happened except what did happen, Tipperary would not have got those quick goals.

And the peculiar part of it all was this, that, while Tipperary scored those two goals in some ninety seconds, it took them more than fifty minutes to score another one, and if those two goals had not obsessed the Wexford men they could have scored a shower of first-half points.

In any case, as a neutral, I feel that those two goals really made the match the thriller it was, for it put both teams into it right from the start, and Wexford's fight back from seemingly crushing disaster will in years to come be listed among the greatest glories of the hurling men in purple and gold.

And when all is weighed and worded I do think that Tipperary just deserved their narrow victory. Credit where credit is due, they stood up to the terrific assaults of the opposition in great style and came back to take the honours.

And even when Tipp. had got ahead at the

(Continued on page 59.)

TOM LONG

By LIAM FOX

KERRY, the mightiest name in football, was bathed in still greater glory in 1962. Not only did the county capture the All-Ireland title once more, it became the first county to win a twentieth title, and then it added the Grounds Tournament to its collection of successes.

On this latest Kerry team there were many who wore the famed green and gold jersey with rare distinction throughout the past year; players whose names resounded in Gaeldom as their deeds and performances were discussed with admiration or envy.

Mick O'Connell, that midfielder supreme; Mick O'Dwyer, the wing half-back of almost unsurpassed talents; Seamus Murphy, whose versatility brought him from attack to corner back and down to the attack again . . . Paudie, Niall and Sean Og Sheehy, the history-making trio from Tralee, and many, many others.

The parts all of these played in Kerry's triumphs were not small, but there was one whose contribution to the Kingdom's successes was as important as any and greater than most . . . full-forward Tom Long.

Just how large a role Tom Long plays in his county's successes is pin-pointed by the fact that, in 1962, Kerry failed to win only three games—and Tom Long was absent from the team for all or part of each of these three.

The only defeat of the year was a vital National League tie against Cork in March—a game that Long missed because of an injury he suffered the previous month in the Munster Railway Cup trial. The next game Kerry

failed to win was the grounds Tournament semi-final in October. Again Long was absent—this time because of an injury suffered in the All-Ireland final—and Kerry were held to a draw by Cavan. He was back for the replay and Kerry won a place in the final.

Then came the champions' visit to Naas to play Kildare in the League in mid-November, and after 15 minutes Long was forced to retire with an injury. The result: Kerry were held to a draw.

Since joining the Kerry senior team in 1956, when he made his debut at centre half-forward at the start of that year's championship, this former Colaiste Iosagain (Ballyvourney) and ex-St. Patrick's Training College (Dublin) player has filled many positions for Kerry; all of them with high distinction.

He was centre half-back in the '56 Munster final, was later at midfield, in attack again and moved back to defence—and has been chosen in all three departments for his province.

After his injury early this year Tom was out of football until the early summer and, just back in time for Kerry's trip to Wembley Stadium, he played at centre half-forward when Kerry beat Offaly there on Whit Sunday. But since the retirement of John Dowling, the Kerry selectors had been concerned about the vital full-forward spot. So for the start of the 1962 championship they moved Long to the No. 14 berth.

It was a decision that caused more than a little surprise, for there were many, not only in Kerry, who maintained that, important a position though this

is, Long was too brilliant a player to be placed there. Indeed, many stoutly affirmed that he would serve Kerry better elsewhere. But it wasn't long before Long showed that the shrewd Kerry selectors knew just what they were doing.

In Mick O'Connell the county possesses a midfielder of rare football artistry, but midfield supremacy—and now unfailingly the great Valentia Islander gives Kerry that in each game—means little if it is not translated into match-winning scores. And just as often Tom Long gives his county those.

As a footballer Tom finds place among the ranks of the great, but as a full forward he falls into no particular category. One day, indeed one moment, he is a roaming, foraging full-forward, the next he is seen advancing ever so slightly to meet the perfectly placed ball from midfield and yet again he is the orthodox full-forward staying on the lip of the square ready to outwit the best defenders. But all the time he shows himself to be one of the brainiest performers in the game, and it is his brainy approach that so often bewilders the opposition.

Now 26, standing 5ft. 10ins. and weighing 13st. 4lb., he is one of the most zealous players in the country. He fights hard, but fairly, he can field a ball high and safely in the grand Kerry manner, and he possesses a stinging shot that delivers the ball with tremendous force.

In addition, he displays all the qualities of leadership, urges his colleagues and has put great punch into the Kerry attack. All of which makes him the outstanding forward of 1962.

CHARTERED TRAIN FOR ONE HURLER

By
PATRICK CARVER

IN the early months of 1933, most people in Clare felt that the county stood an excellent chance of becoming one of the top hurling sides in Ireland that year. And, indeed, quite a few were talking in terms of an All-Ireland victory.

And why not. After all, Clare had gone through Munster like a whirlwind in 1932, had brushed Galway aside in the All-Ireland semi-final and had then failed only narrowly to a great Kilkenny team at Croke Park.

Behind Clare's determination to field their best team in 1933 there is a magnificent story; the story of a great gamble that failed.

And this beautiful tale revolves around the legendary Clare hurler, Jim Houlihan, and the day it happened was Sunday, May 29, 1933.

Jim was selected to play for Clare in the opening round of the Munster Championship against Limerick at Thurles. That, of course, was expected, but what was not expected was that it transpired sometime later that Jim was also due to turn out for Army Metro against Young Irelands in the Dublin senior hurling championship in the forenoon of the same Sunday.

This provided quite a problem for the Clare County Board, and for Jim, who was anxious to keep faith with both club and county.

The gamble that failed

The Board's headache was how to arrange matters so that he could play in both games.

Eventually they solved the problem in somewhat unusual fashion;; they decided to charter a special train to run from Dublin to Thurles on the day of the match.

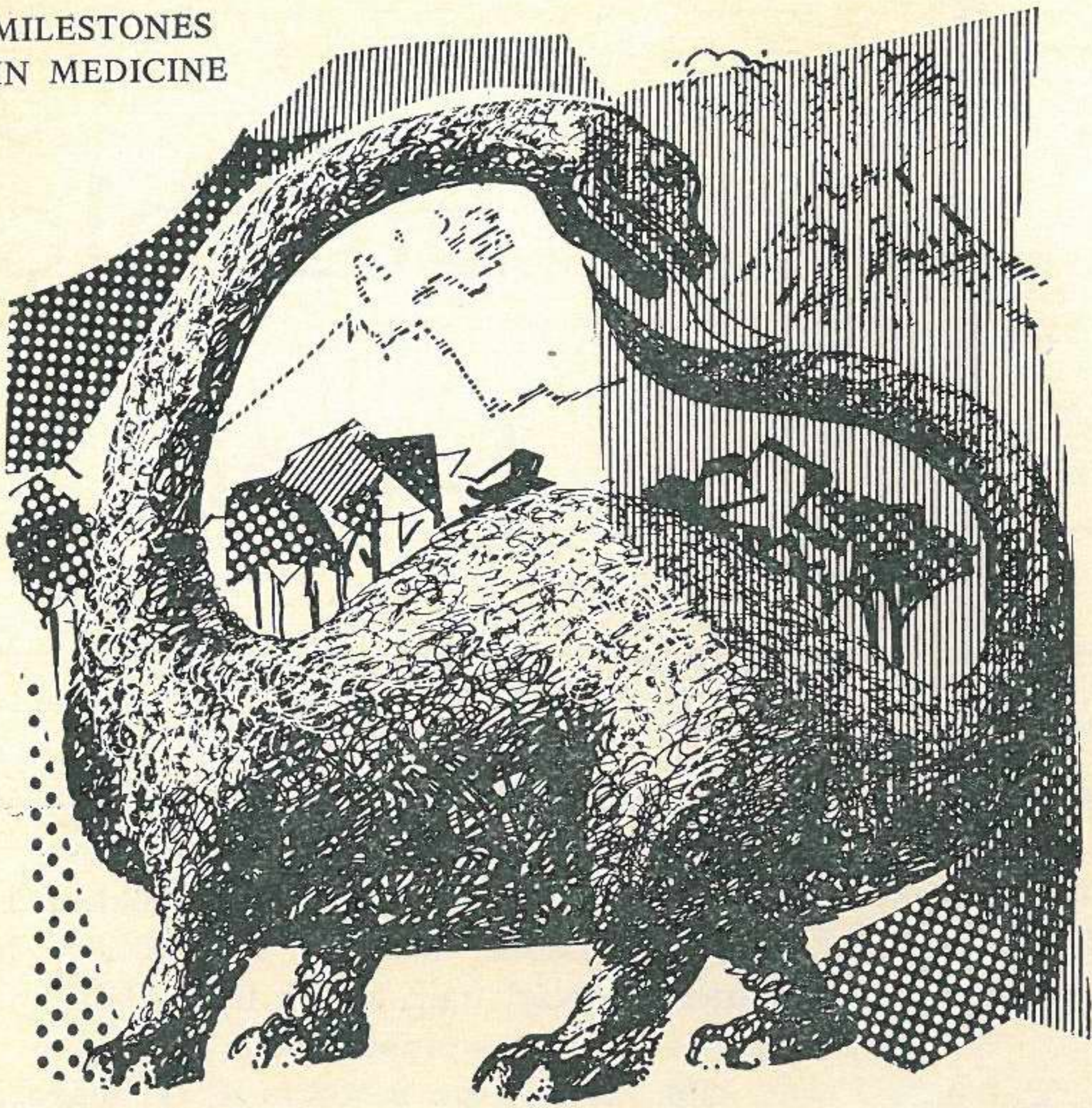
Jim would play at Croke Park, make a dash for Kingsbridge and then, if everything went well, he would be at Thurles, 90 miles away, in time to play in the match against Limerick. The train would leave Dublin at 1.20 and the start of the game at Thurles was 3.15.

And everything did go right up to a point. A taxi whipped Jim from Croke Park to Kingsbridge, the train left punctually and it duly made Thurles with ample time to spare. At 3.15 Jim was at the Thurles Sportsfield, ready, togged out and waiting.

But from there on, nothing went right for Clare. They were out-played, out-paced and crushed by a young Limerick team led by the ebullient Mick Mackey. At the end the sad, sad story was on the scoreboard for everyone to see: Limerick 6-8, Clare 1-1.

And to rub salt into Clare's wounds was the fact that Christy O'Brien, one of Limerick's greatest stars that afternoon, had taken advantage of the train, chartered by the Clare County Board, to travel to Thurles that day. In fact, he was the only other passenger on that train!

MILESTONES
IN MEDICINE



PREHISTORIC

Disease is as old as life itself. Man and animal have been exposed to its ravages since they first appeared on earth. Our knowledge of prehistoric disease is naturally limited, but the discovery of the diseased tail bone of a dinosaur would lead us to assume that disease has not changed its character over millions of years. This specimen shows that the dinosaur was suffering from arthritis in his tail, a condition which must have hampered greatly the animal in its struggle for existence. The records of disease in man are not so remote but the discovery of a thigh bone of a primitive ape man in Java with a tumour attached confirms that disease has essentially remained the same.

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CAVAN RESURGENT

THE glory that once was Breffni! For years supporters of Cavan football have been yearning for a return to the days when the boys in blue ruled the roost in Ulster and vanquished Ireland's best on many a hard-fought field.

Remember 1933, '35, '47, '48 and '52? These dates stand out like beacons in Cavan's roll of honour, for those were the years when the Sam Maguire Cup was borne in triumph to the county. Ten years have elapsed since that last All-Ireland victory, and what are the prospects of another in the immediate future?

Hopes which were very faint in 1961 and even early 1962 have brightened considerably, and it would take very little indeed to make Cavan a potent force next season.

Yet, many followers in the county were anything but satisfied with the trend of events during the past year and are criticising County Board officials and team selectors because Cavan did not win the All-Ireland title.

This attitude is most unreasonable and proves once more (as if it required proof) that human nature is never satisfied.

Compare Cavan's position today with their standing in the football world at the end of 1961. Then the Breffni men were really in the doldrums. A disastrous campaign in the 1960-61 League saw them collect only one point from six games. That was followed by a first-round championship exit (at the hands and feet of Armagh), a disaster that had not struck the county for almost fifty years.

So, twelve months ago, Cavan

football had plumbed its lowest depth for generations, and no one could see much hope for the immediate future.

The 1961-62 National League brought little relief to the anguished followers of Breffni's royal blue. Three points from six games was, indeed, a slight im-

By Jack Power

provement on the previous campaign, but Cavan still languished at the bottom of their division.

That was just eight months ago. But what has happened in the meantime?

On April 1 the seniors travelled to Newry and beat Down in the Dr. McKenna Cup. Admittedly, the then All-Ireland champions were under strength, but ground advantage was worth a few scores to them and the Cavan side contained several youngsters new to senior inter-county fare.

Football followers in general paid little attention to the result, but for Cavan, at least, it was a step in the right direction.

At home to Derry in the Dr. McKenna Cup semi-final, the Breffni men triumphed in a manner that proved they were on the upgrade, and they confirmed this with a convincing victory over Armagh to capture the McKenna Cup after a lapse of six years.

Thus, in less than two months, Cavan had beaten the three acknowledged top forces in Ulster—Down, Derry and Armagh—in competitive football. For good measure, the county junior team took the provincial title.

Progress was indeed being reported, and the bare look had vanished from the Breffni sideboard.

Still, the championship was the only true test, as every Cavan follower knew. What would it bring?

Armagh at Breffni Park in the first round was no walk-over. Yet, when the smoke of battle cleared (and battle is the operative word to describe that day's happenings) Cavan were in the Ulster semi-final and shrewd judges agreed that while football was being played, there was only one team in it—and it was not Armagh.

A depleted side journeyed to Casement Park for the next engagement and triumphed over Antrim in comfortable if unimpressive manner.

So Cavan were in the Ulster final, and all the North and most of Ireland awaited the clash between the new champions from Down and the old champions from Breffni.

Belfast's Casement Park bulged at the seams that day and those present could hardly believe their eyes at the manner in which Cavan dethroned the great combination from the Mournes.

The result was a surprise; the margin of victory more surprising still, and jubilant Breffni folk celebrated the return of the Ulster crown to the county for the first time since 1955.

On then to Croke Park and a date with Roscommon in the All-Ireland series. Here Cavan's gallop was abruptly halted after a disappointing game, but had the Nor-

(Continued on page 60)

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THE Kickham Cup, Dublin's much-sought inter-firm football trophy has found a new abode for 1962-'63. For the first time ever it rests with Martin Molony & Sons Ltd., Middle Abbey St., after one of the closest and hardest fought battles of recent years.

During sixty years of competition the Kickham Cup has enjoyed the support of some of the city's most prominent firms. Todd Burns and Co. have the distinction of having won it most frequently—sixteen times in all, while Clery and Co. are next with nine victories to their credit.

However, victory is never sweeter than when first tasted and Martin Molony & Sons are justly proud of their achievement... and they have every right to be for theirs was no easy win

They had to dispose of Ferrier Pollock & Co. Ltd. and Gaeltarra Eireann on a league basis before meeting the holders, Arnott & Co. Ltd., in the final.

Considered outsiders, Molony's caused quite a surprise by drawing with their famed opponents and in the replay they finished worthy winners, 0-9 to 0-7.

Led by the Mayo County player, Walter Corcoran, Molony's had other stars in the Dubliners, Dermot Dempsey and Paddy Fox while Arthur O'Connell of Meath was the team's top scorer and this was only as it should be, for Arthur happens to be a brother-in-law of the peerless Mick Higgins.

And so for at least the next year, the Kickham Cup has a home with this firm which found its origin in Kilrush, Co. Clare, sixty-two years ago. Yes, Martin Molony and Sons are indeed worthy holders of the historic Kickham Cup.

Arrow

CONGRESS MUST BE FIRM

By SEAN FEELEY

RULE 27, or the Ban, as it is more commonly referred to, was discussed at length at last year's Easter Congress. Quite a number of motions concerning it were dealt with and one of these—a Dublin motion which called for a committee to investigate the rule—took one hour and 25 minutes of discussion.

But it was unequivocally settled when 180 delegates voted against it with only 40 in favour. A Carlow motion asking that the rule be deleted was defeated, 272 to 7, and a second Dublin motion, which asked for proposals dealing with Rule 27 to be voted on by secret ballot, was so decisively rejected that even a count was not necessary.

It all took time, valuable time, which might have been applied to more important affairs.

But the Dublin County Board is not satisfied. At its Annual Convention in late October it voted almost 2-1 in favour of a Civil Service Football Club motion which asked that discussion on Rule 27 be allowed annually.

This motion will appear before Congress next Easter and let us hope that it is dealt with every bit as decisively as were the Dublin motions of last year . . . but with much less Congress time being wasted.

"Time means money" in commercial life and time means efficiency and progress at Congress. That is why Rule 69 is in the Official Guide.

This rule states: "Playing rules may be revised only once in five years as from 1940 and Rule 27 once every three years as from 1941, and

motions advocating changes in these rules take precedent on Congress agenda on those years."

The object of this rule is to help conserve Congress time so that more urgent affairs can be reviewed and dealt with during the limited time available. Playing rules and the Ban are never urgent in a vital sense.

Should Congress be persuaded to allot hours of its time to Ban or anti-Ban motions every year (as Dublin's motion would have it do) the administration of the Association could not but suffer. Congress would degenerate from being the parliament-like session that it is to a Hyde Park Corner for would-be exponents of liberalism.

In proposing their motion at the Dublin Convention the Civil Service Football Club delegate stated, among other things, that :

- A.—Rule 69 was undemocratic as it restricted the liberty of the individual in freedom of speech.
- B.—That unless we now had the courage to discuss the Ban it might be 30 years before it got another airing.
- C.—No concrete effort was made to answer Dublin's motion at Congress last year.
- D.—There was no reason why Rule 27 should be privileged and that it should be subject to annual review.

Taking each of these points very briefly, it will be noticed that "undemocratic" is the keyword in the first one. Now, how could Rule 69 be undemocratic when it was adopted by demo-

(Continued on page 15)



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(Continued from page 13)

cratic procedure and is being retained by the same democratic procedure.

The only way in which any rule could become undemocratic would be for the prescribed majority at Congress to vote against it and the wishes of that majority to be disregarded and the rule retained. This, of course, could not happen.

Point "B" calls for courage to discuss the Ban, otherwise 30 years may elapse before it is discussed again. Well, seeing that it was discussed at great length last year and can be discussed at equal length in 1964, 1967, 1970 and so on, this statement does not appear to have any logical meaning.

Point "C" says that Dublin's motion of last year did not get a concrete answer at Congress. To that I say, 180 to 40 against it was as concrete an answer as one could ask for. The only more concrete answer could have been the 272 to 7 that voted against Carlow's abolition motion.

Point "D" claims that there is no reason why Rule 27 should be privileged and not discussed every year. The rule, of course, is not privileged. A huge number of playing rules are in the same position and I have already dealt with the reason why these are not open to annual discussion.

Congress must give a decisive "No" to this year's Dublin motion; for not only does it refuse to accept the clear-cut DEMOCRATIC decision of last year's Congress but also it wishes to undermine the entire proceedings and efficiency of the Annual meeting in the cause of its own holy crusade.

Whether one is pro-Ban or anti-Ban is not the question involved in this Dublin motion—efficiency is the important factor and that is something which must be guarded jealously.

The Dublin Ban Boys are certainly an industrious lot. What a pity that they don't apply their talents to more urgent Association issues, such as the hurling revival, the problem of providing cheap hurleys, the effect of television on attendance figures, etc. There are a host of such problems needing the type of research and study given by the Civil Service Football Club to the Ban question.

Surely they must realise that they are trying to force an issue which Congress rejected in an extremely decisive manner last year. To attempt this deserves an even more decisive rejection in 1963 . . . and that is what awaits this Dublin motion.

John Doyle made history

WHEN Tipperary beat Wexford in the All-Ireland hurling final last September, John Doyle, the Munster champions' right full-back, became the first hurler from the Premier County to win six All-Ireland senior medals. Tipperary's victory over Dublin in 1961 had brought the Holy-cross defender level with Tommy Doyle, of the 1937-'51 era, and Mikey Maher of Tubberadora, who won five before the turn of the century. John Doyle also holds the record collection of nine National League medals.

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The menace of the mentor

By EAMONN MONGEY

LIKE some giant octopus, the mentor-menace has now got a firm grip on the G.A.A. Who are these mentors? How are they supposed to operate? It is, perhaps, as well to find out first what they are supposed to do.

Mentors are expected to be wise counsellors. Sometimes they help in the selection of teams but, more often than not, their activities are confined to the field of play where they advise, switch, replace or encourage their charges in seeking victory. In their attempts to discharge these duties mentors fall readily into classes and the fact that the phrase "discharging their duties" is a bit of a misnomer gives us our first class—the mentors who fail to discharge their duties.

There are some mentors, and from the time they arrive on the pitch they seem frozen into a state of inactivity. Whether the occasion is too much for them, whether they are afraid to act, or whether they just don't know how to act in a particular set of circumstances is not quite clear, but the fact is that no switches are made, no advice is given or no encouragement offered to the players who toil on the field of play.

There were some Wexford supporters, for

instance, who felt this year that a more animated display from their mentors might well have won the All-Ireland for Wexford. Had Ned Wheeler been switched to the "40", had Tom Neville been switched to centre-half back, they argue that the result might well have been different. Personally, I don't think so, but it is no doubt an arguable point.

The damage done by these dormant mentors is, however, negative and not always certain; but things get a bit more serious when we come to the over-active mentors—those, for example, who do something just for the sake of doing something.

There are some with a switch-or-substitute complex, who, even before the ball is thrown in, are wondering what switches they can make or how they can make their presence felt. One of the best examples of this in operation was given to me by the former Kerry captain, John Dowling.

John told me that on one occasion when he was watching a match down in Kerry, the mentors decided to take off the full-forward and replace him with a sub. About ten minutes later it was decided to take off the sub. again and put back the original full-forward. That might be fair enough if the circumstances warranted it, but in this particular instance the ball had not reached the sub., or the full-back he was marking, during the ten minutes the sub. was on the field!

But things get really serious when you have a type of mentor who does the wrong thing at the wrong time with disastrous results for his team. There was one outstanding example of this during 1962, though I won't say in what game, what code or what grade.

The team who suffered was doing very well until the opposing right half-forward got a ball, went clean through the defence and scored a goal. The same right half-forward scored another goal, and then a third before the mentors moved. And whom, do you think, they took off? The left half-back who had let the forward through? Not at all, but the goalkeeper who was absolutely at the mercy of an unimpeded forward.

A feature of the behaviour of the active type

(Continued on page 56).

Forecasting The Caltex Stars

AT the time of writing the Sports Editors of Ireland's national newspapers are preparing a list of sports stars to whom the Caltex Trophies for 1962 will be awarded.

Naturally, Gaelic Games are again being specially considered, and speculation is rife among followers of the national codes.

Football during 1962 produced many candidates for the trophies, but on close examination, it appears that the final choice must come from Kerry. The All-Ireland champions had four men, if not five, who would qualify for the honour this year. They are, Mick O'Connell, Tom Long, Mick O'Dwyer, Tim Lyons and Seamus Murphy.

We reckon, however, that O'Connell is almost certain to be nominated as Gaelic footballer of the year. The Valentia man played the most brilliant football of his career during the past season, and in doing so, proved that he is far and away the finest midfielder of our time.

The selection of a hurler presents bigger problems. The final choice, we feel, will come either from Tipperary or Wexford. There are men on both sides whose claims to the award are virtually inseparable.

In the Tipperary line-up you have Donie Nealon, John Doyle, Tony Wall and Mick Burns, while a case also could be made for their goal-keeper, Donal O'Brien. On the Wexford side, Tom Neville is a likely candidate, and his teammates Oliver McGrath, Jimmy O'Brien and, possibly, Billie Rackard, cannot be ruled out of the running.

Of that list, John Doyle probably possesses the best qualifications. He had a distinguished season in defence, and crowned a brilliant career by becoming the first Tipperary man to win six All-Ireland hurling medals.

Dr. Eamon O'Sullivan, the Kerry football trainer, seems an obvious choice for the Hall of Fame Trophy; but because a Gaelic sportsman—Mick Mackey—got the award last year, the selectors may look elsewhere for a recipient on this occasion.



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Says MIKE BURNS

"IT'S an outstanding achievement to reach the All-Ireland final, and it takes an outstanding team to get there. After reaching it this year, we must be regarded as the second-best championship side in the country. With a little luck we could have been the No. 1 team."

The words are those of the Roscommon Co. Board secretary, Phil Gannon. The thoughts are those of possibly every Roscommon supporter.

For, despite what the critics termed our team's "inglorious hour" on Final day, we all feel that if Lady Luck had been just a shade kinder the Sam Maguire Cup would once again be resting inside our county borders.

Two important factors contributed to our team's defeat.

The first was that early Kerry goal. I think all football followers will agree that a snap goal in the opening stages of the Final can severely rattle even the most experienced of teams.

The second was the loss, through injury, of our lion-hearted captain, Gerry O'Malley. With O'Malley there to rally the team for the usual fighting Roscommon finish, I feel—as thousands of other Roscommon men feel—that our team could have reduced that two-goal deficit and gone on to win.

Many followers will read into this that Roscommon is strictly a one-man team. Nothing could be further from the truth. For all-round ability, I think the team compares favourably with any team in Ireland—including Kerry.

But O'Malley is to Roscommon what Mick O'Connell is to Kerry—the inspiration, the govern-

ing force that knits together a team of individuals and moulds them into a single unit.

The final, however, is now part of the past, and Roscommon is a county where—in football at least—there is always a futuristic outlook.

Today, the "big defeat" of 1962 is forgotten. Now we are looking forward to a good showing in the National League and another all-out bid to capture that elusive Sam Maguire Cup in 1963.

In fact, from a strictly financial viewpoint, Co. Board officials should be quite happy if the team plays as well as it did over the past two years, for since the county's emergence from the football doldrums in 1959, the name 'Roscommon' has meant top 'gates' wherever they have played throughout Ireland.

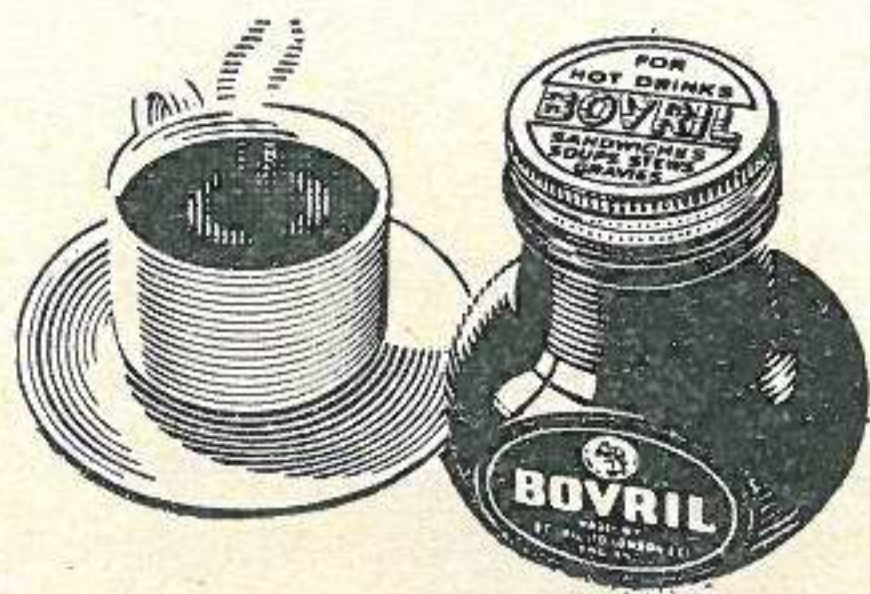
Naturally, the Co. Board coffers have benefited. But clear-thinking officials have been quick to release the money for new pitches. And with the new pitches has come the biggest football boom within the county since the palmy days of the early 1940's.

New pitches? Three have already been opened—at Kiltoom, Kilmurry and Athleague. One at Strokestown is ready for seeding. An old pitch at Elphin has been bought-out and is now being reconstructed. And two new, ultra-modern pitches, with stands, dressing-rooms and hot and cold showers are about to be built at Roscommon and Castlerea.

Phil Gannon estimates the total cost at roughly £15,000. A good reason, I think, for all Roscommon fans to feel proud of their team, even in defeat.

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DOWN MEMORY LANE

By Philip Roderick

ONLY five All-Ireland finals—two in hurling and three in football—have been abortive. In 1888, both finals were unplayed because of the G.A.A. "Invasion" of America. In 1910, Kerry gave Louth a walk-over in football, refusing to travel when the railways refused to provide the travelling facilities demanded by Kerry. In 1911, the hurling final fixed for Cork was postponed because the ground was flooded. The match was re-fixed for Thurles but Limerick refused to play elsewhere than in Cork and Kilkenny were awarded a walk-over.

In the 1925 football semi-final, Kerry beat Cavan but both teams were disqualified on the hearing of objections and counter-objections. Wexford were beaten by Mayo in the other semi-final, but as Mayo were representing Connacht, pending the completion of the Connacht championships which Galway ultimately won, Galway, accordingly, were declared All-Ireland champions.

THERE have been several instances in All-Ireland history of three brothers winning All-Ireland medals—but, one wonders, how many cases are there of four brothers winning All-Ireland medals on the field of play? I have been checking through the records and as far as I have been

able to trace, there has been only one instance—the famous Leahy family of Boherlahan. In 1916, Johnny and Paddy won senior medals with Tipperary and they repeated this performance in 1925. Three years later a third brother won a senior All-Ireland hurling medal with Cork, and in 1930 a fourth brother won a senior medal with Tipperary.

IN September, 1886, the G.A.A. introduced for the first time the rule debarring rugby players from membership of the Association, but hostility towards rugby was not very pronounced at the time. Indeed, in the following year the Association granted permission to two Tipperary clubs—Rosanna Rovers and Commercial—to postpone their game so that some of their members could continue to play rugby until the Munster Senior Cup had been decided.

WHAT "foreigner" has the greatest record in Gaelic games? Now, there is a good question which could provide a fair amount of entertainment some evening over a few pints. The man most likely to qualify must, of course, be Bob Stack of Ballybunion who was born in New York and who came to live in this country when he was twelve, Bob,

who had the unique distinction of playing for Kerry against the country of his birth, won a great number of trophies on the football field, including six All-Ireland and six National Football League medals and several Railway Cup medals. He also represented Ireland in the Tailteann Games.

ONE of the most unusual reports ever sent in by a referee of a G.A.A. game was that submitted by Mr. John Walsh after the Clare championship game in 1928 between Meelick and Ardnacrusha. At that time, if you remember, the great Shannon Hydro-Electric Scheme was being built at Ardnacrusha and quite a few German engineers were employed there, and, according to the referee's report, four languages were used during the game—Irish, English, German . . . and bad!

SOME months ago while doing some research I came across the very interesting information that Kevin Heffernan had played minor, junior and senior for Dublin in both hurling and football. This, I felt sure, had to be some sort of record and I could hardly wait to mention it to Eamon Young . . . and he silenced me in a matter of seconds. "A record?"

(Continued on page 22)

(Continued from page 21)

he asked somewhat scornfully. "We have a man in Cork who would put that in the halfpenny place." And Cork has—in the person of Vincent Barrett who, to date, has played minor, junior and senior in both hurling and football—and has also played intermediate hurling for Cork.

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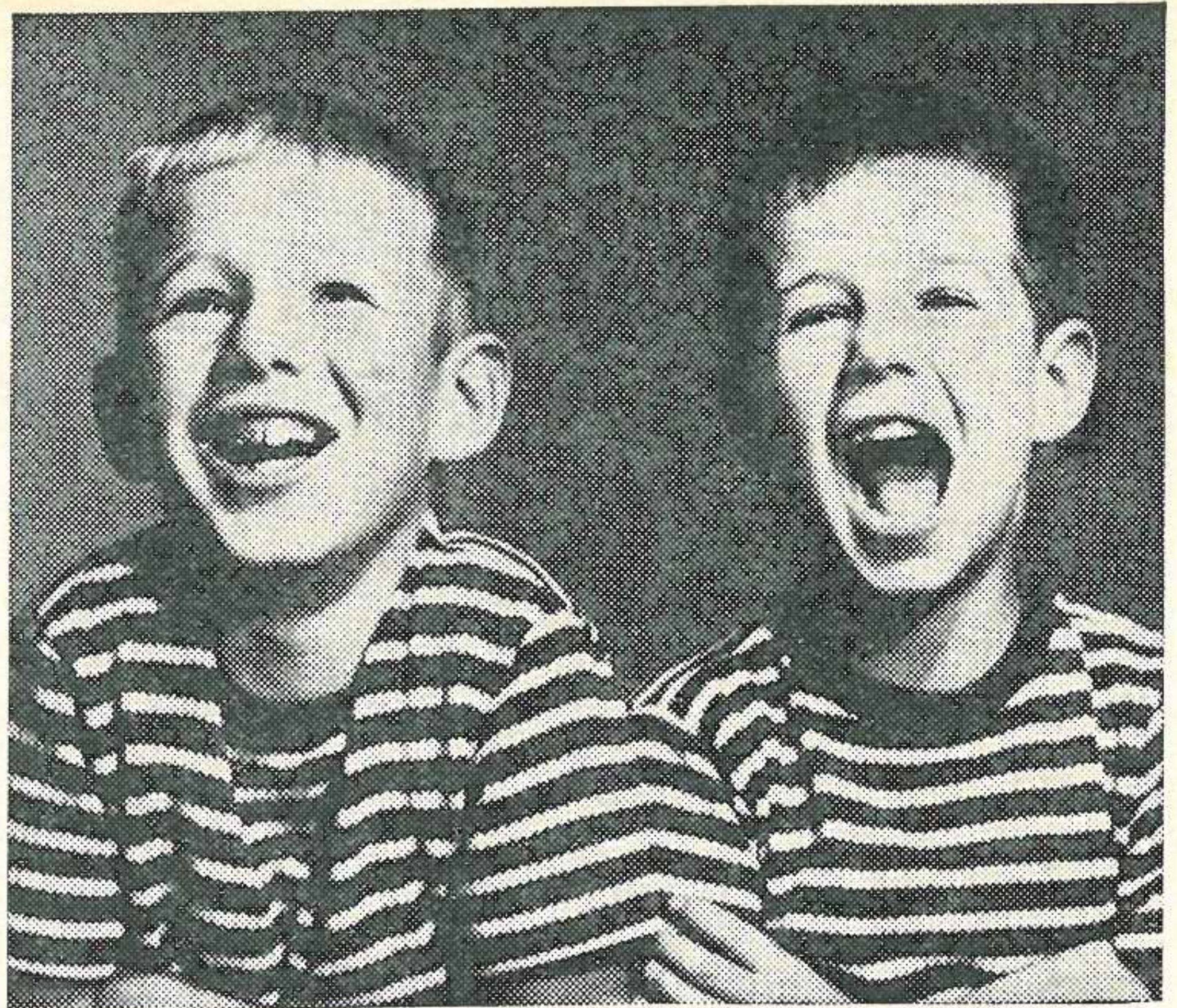
NEXT time you are at the films and you see the familiar face of Siobhan McKenna on the silver screen, remember that the game of camogie lost one of its greatest players when the field of entertainment beckoned. Miss McKenna, during her career at U.C.G., was an outstanding player, captained her college in several Ashbourne Cup games . . . and captained Galway in an All-Ireland final.

◇ ◇ ◇

ASK anyone what All-Ireland championship game was played outside this country and it's a thousand to one on that the answer will be the Cavan-Kerry All-Ireland football final of 1947 in New York. True, of course, but could you name another one? Do you know, for instance, that the All-Ireland senior hurling semi-final of 1911 was played outside Ireland? Where? In Celtic Park, Glasgow, home of the Glasgow Celtic soccer team, and the teams were Kilkenny and Scotland. I needn't add that Kilkenny won.

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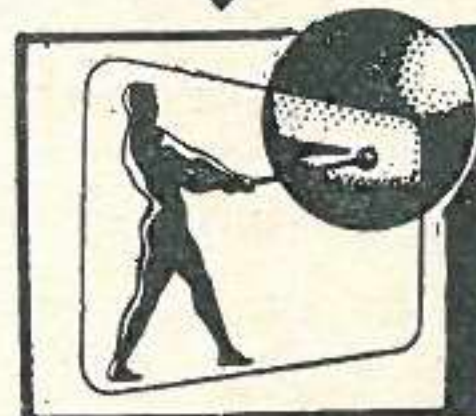
THE late Leonard McGrath of Galway shares the rare honour in G.A.A. of having received All-Ireland senior medals in both hurling and football. He won the hurling medal with Galway in the All-Ireland final of 1923 and was awarded the football medal when Galway were declared All-Ireland champions in 1925. But he had an even more unusual distinction in that he was the first and, indeed, the only Australian-born sportsman to win an All-Ireland medal in both codes.



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THE GREAT AWAKENING

Carlow's hurling revival: Reviewed by MOONDHARRIG

CAN hurling be taught? I do not believe that it can. Certainly, it cannot be taught in the same sense that you can teach a boy geometry, or teach him how to mend a puncture on a bicycle for that matter. But that hurling can be nourished, and can be fostered into full flower, is certain, and has been conclusively proved within the past few years by the men of Carlow.

A decade ago, or even less, hurling in Carlow was at a very low ebb. It is true that the county fielded teams pretty regularly in the Leinster junior championship and occasionally in the minor series, but they never made any headway, and their appearances on the inter-county fields were, too often, little more than formalities.

In the meantime, it must be remembered that Carlow, for a relatively small county, had been doing well on the football fields. In 1944 they won a Leinster senior title and were a bit unlucky to lose to Kerry at the semi-final stage. In 1954 they reached the final of the National Football League, and, though highest honours eluded their gallant players, the prestige of Carlow football has, for twenty years, ranked reasonably high.

In any case, in the mid-'fifties a few enthusiasts began to try to revive hurling in Carlow. They had a nucleus for that revival, for hurling had always been the popular pastime down around St. Mullins in the angle between Nore and Barrow where the three counties of Wexford, Carlow and Kilkenny meet.

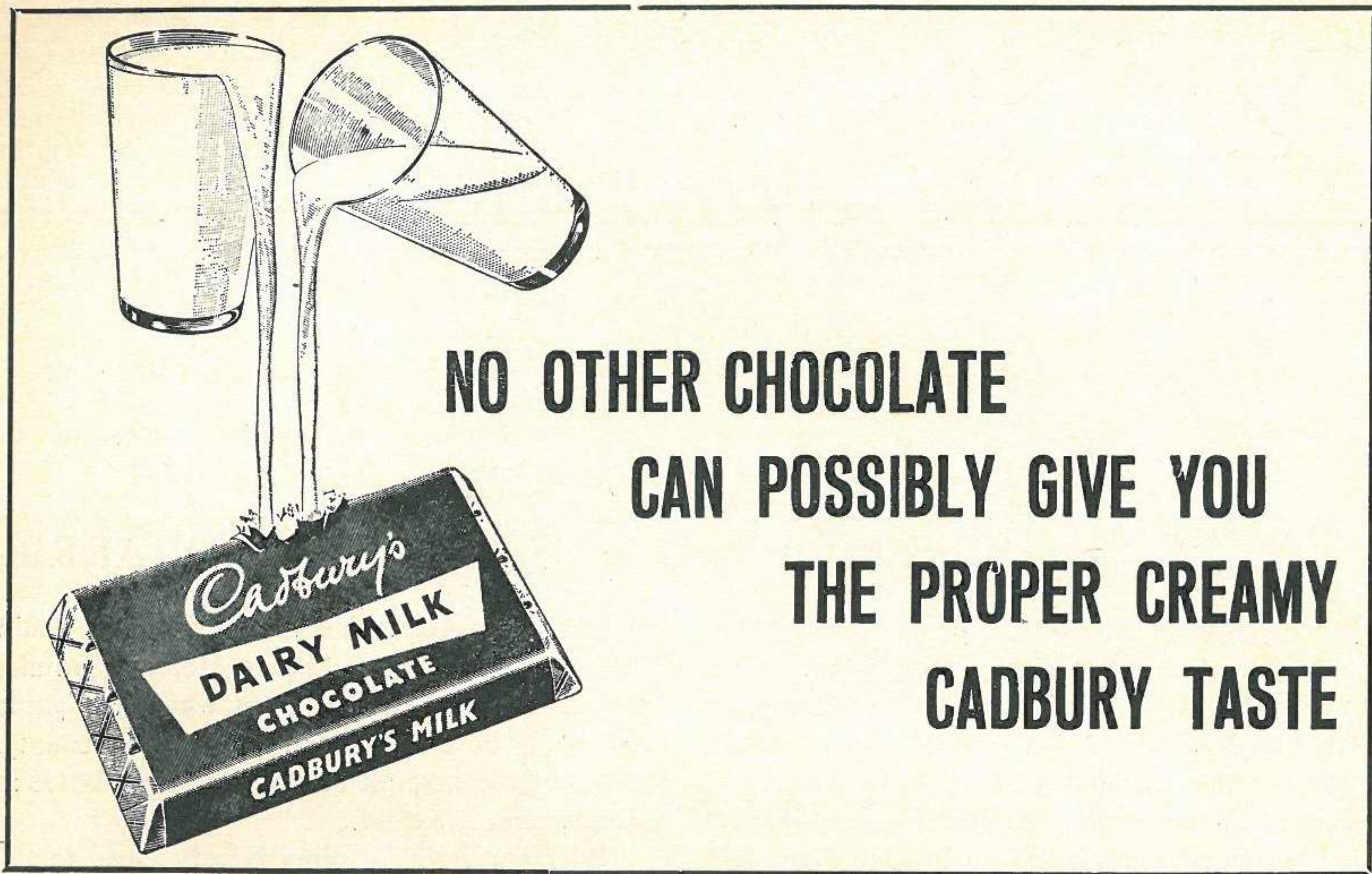
Some folk may think that St. Mullins could therefore be used as a kind of forcing ground, based in hurling territory from which the game could easily be spread into the rest of the county, fortified by the example of their near neighbours in Kilkenny and Wexford.

But though St. Mullins is very close to the Kilkenny border, the part of Kilkenny on which it touches is not hurling country. The nearest Kilkenny centres of population are Graiguenamanagh, famed for its beauty but not for its hurlers, while the country to the south, Inistiogue, The Rower and Tullogher, has been more noted as a centre of Kilkenny football than of hurling.

Moreover, though the Wexford hurling country of Rathnure and Killanne is comparatively near, it is still cut off from St. Mullins by the heights of the Blackstairs Mountains, and in any case the hurling traditions of Rathnure and Killanne scarcely trace back past a generation of greatness.

So that, though Carlow had hurling in St. Mullins and back up the Barrow Valley through Ballymurphy and Borris to Muinebeag, it was hurling no more distinguished than the hurling in Goresbridge or Castlewarren or Whitehall on the other side of the valley, and I have never heard of these districts winning a Kilkenny hurling championship in any grade.

(Continued on page 25)



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(Continued from page 23)

And, indeed, though St. Mullins to this day provides the yardstick by which the rest of Carlow measures hurling ability, it was from the other end of the county and to a large extent from Carlow town that the big push of the revival came.

It all began with street-leagues among the young lads, which aroused such enthusiasm that the attention these leagues attracted set the flame of hurling ambition alight, and it quickly spread to other areas, particularly Muinebeag.

The great Diocesan College, Knockbeg, long famed as a football centre, played its part in the hurling revival, too, and soon we were hearing good reports of the improved showing of Carlow minor teams in the provincial championship.

As those minors grew up, the junior side steadily became a force, and a couple of years ago they won through in Leinster and went on to take the junior All-Ireland (home) title, only to fail after a drawn game and a replay to a power-packed London side in the final.

Some felt that this defeat would mark the end of the Carlow hurling upsurge, especially as they then had to move up into the new Intermediate grade.

But such pessimists little knew the real strength of this Carlow hurling side. Though they failed to win the first Leinster Intermediate championship in 1961, they did well in the National Hurling League, and came out in 1962 fully intent on erasing the mistakes of previous years.

In Leinster they had a hard enough row to hoe, for they had to meet and beat the best in the province, and showed their worth by accounting for a well-fancied Kilkenny team in the final. Then they beat Galway, who had won their first Munster title, and, after that, had ample vengeance on the

Exiles when they routed London in the final proper.

That meant that they were now fully fledged seniors and they were accepted as such for the very first time when they were included in the draw for the Leinster senior championship of 1963.

In the meantime came the opening round of the National Hurling League in which Carlow faced Cork at Carlow. All was expected of the Carlow men was that they put up a good show, particularly as they were short six of their All-Ireland side. Yet, to the astonishment of all hurling followers, they won, and won convincingly, against a Cork side which all the wiles of Christy Ring, the brilliant play of Jimmy Brohan, or the magnificent goal-keeping of Mick Cashman, could not save.

With that victory it was obvious that, whatever the immediate future holds in store, Carlow hurling had arrived. And the fact that Carlow, in so short a time, could move up so quickly to senior ranks, is surely conclusive proof that where you have young lads with the desire to hurl, hurling can quickly be fostered and brought to the front.

The one requisite to my mind is not resources or elaborate preparation, or even a supply of cheap hurleys, though such is always desirable. The one thing necessary is a crowd of young lads in any town or in any area who want to hurl.

If such lads are lucky enough, as the boys of Carlow were, to find a few enthusiasts who also happened to be accomplished hurlers themselves, to give time and trouble to tutoring and teaching them in the finer points, they will not be long in becoming good hurlers in their turn.

Enthusiasm both among the players and those who lead them is the first requisite. The rest is easy enough to add.

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THE YEAR IN RETROSPECT

When a playing season closes, everyone has his own memories of the great moments and the outstanding individual and team performances of the previous 12 months. In the following article, Sean O'Neill lists his recollections of the hurling and football highlights of 1962. You may differ with him on some points, but we think you will agree, that, by and large he has captured the most memorable events and greatest individual displays in their order of merit.

THE GAME OF THE YEAR

Hurling — The All-Ireland final. None of us can claim to have seen them all, but this year's decider can have had few equals.

Football—The National League final. It was Down's farewell prior to setting out on their extensive U.S. tour and they certainly made it a memorable occasion.

MOST DISAPPOINTING PERFORMANCE

Hurling — Limerick's utter collapse against Tipperary in their Munster semi-final replay.

Football — Cavan's performance against Roscommon in the All-Ireland semi-final.

BEST INDIVIDUAL DISPLAY

Hurling—Christy Ring's amazing performance against Waterford in the National League last April at Dungarvan. Waterford were the better team in almost all departments but they had no answer to the genius of Ring. The final score was Cork, 3-4; Waterford, 1-9. The 42-year-old wizard from Cloyne scored 2-2 and made Cork's third goal—once again and

STARS OF 1962

HURLING

1. D. Nealon
2. C. Ring
3. Jimmy Doyle
4. Joe Condon
5. P. Grimes
6. T. Neville
7. A. Wall
8. E. Wheeler
9. E. Keher
10. W. Hogan

FOOTBALL

- M. O'Connell
- T. Long
- S. Murphy
- J. McDonnell
- C. Mahon
- S. Ferriter
- T. Lyons
- M. O'Dwyer
- B. Mone
- E. Doogue

almost alone he had carried the Leeside to victory

Football—Tom Long's performance against Dublin in the All-Ireland semi-final. It was his wholehearted vigour and brilliant football which more than anything else upset the highly-rated Metropolitans. Contributing a personal tally of 1-3, Long began a new phase in his career—a phase which eventually is likely to win him recognition as one of the greatest full-forwards of all time.

"FIND" OF THE YEAR

Hurling — Paul Lynch of Wexford.

Football—Ray Carolan of Cavan.

MOST PROGRESSIVE COUNTY

Hurling—Carlow. These mighty men from South Leinster have proven that tradition is not essential to hurling success. They have set a headline for all other weak hurling counties to follow.

Football—Cavan. Although they disappointed against Roscommon in the All-Ireland semi-final, the Breffnemen rose from being at the bottom of the list in Division II of the National League in late March to Ulster championship victory four months later.

BIGGEST SURPRISE

Hurling — Carlow's convincing defeat of Cork in the National League.

Football — Cavan's one-sided victory over Down in the Ulster final.

TOP COUNTY CHAMPIONS

Hurling—Glen Rovers. Thanks to Christy Ring, they won their 19th Cork senior title after a thrilling replay with U.C.C.

Football—Tuam Stars. Led by the still mighty Sean Purcell, they had to beat the holders, Dunmore, twice before winning their 23rd Galway senior title.

VETERAN OF THE YEAR

Hurling—Christy Ring.

Football—Gerry O'Malley.

MOST THRILLING FINISHES

Hurling—The last six minutes of the All-Ireland final. With 5½ minutes to go the teams were level but Tipperary fought on and won the day with points by Donie Nealon and Sean McLoughlin.

Football—The last seven minutes of the Dr Lagan Cup final replay. Derry were leading by six points and appeared certain winners—yet, 90 seconds later Down were level. They then went on to take the lead and held it in a welter of pulsating excitement.

Special Award — To Des Foley for his unique achievement of being selected by both Leinster and the Rest of Ireland in both football and hurling—and for winning both Railway Cup medals. What a pity that this fine player was plagued with injuries throughout the year.

NA GAEIL I gCÉIN

le SEÁN Ó DÚNAGAIN

IS íontach mar a choinníon na Gaeil le chéile is iad i bhfad ó bhaile. 'Sna Stáit Aonthaithe, san Astráil nó i Shasana féin cuir-eann roinnt de bheagnach gach cine ar domhan futhú. Seachas na

hÉireannaigh, sé an comhartha ar leith is mó atá ag aon chine díobh, an teanga dúchais lenar tógadh iad —an Pholannais, and Iodáilis, An Ghearmáinis 7rl. Go hiondiúl níl an comhartha seo ag na hÉirean-

naigh ach amháin acu siúd ó na Gaeltachtaí agus is céatadan beag iad sin.

Téigheann sé i bhfeidhm ar na hÉireannaigh go bhfuil easpa éigin orthu. Ag an am chéann tá's acu go bhfuil cultúr ar leith acu agus gur chóir dóibh teacht le chéile lené chleachtadh. Mar sin bunaítear cumainn Éireannacha sna cathracha thar lear chun na cluichí gaolacha, na damhsaí agus an ceol gaolach a chur chun cinn. Máille le sin deintear iarracht chun an teanga dúchais a mhúineadh agus a labhairt nuair a thagann na cumainn le chéile.

Is ait an dream muid. Sa bhaile, áit a bhfuil gach deis againn leis an teanga fhoghlaim, níl meas madra againn ar an bhfriotal álainn uasal; chomh luath agus a théimid thar lear tagann dearcadh nua chugainn agus deinimid gach iarracht chun a chruthú don saol fódhlach gur náisiún ar leith í Éire agus a chomhrtha sin ná an teanga agus na cluichí go háirithe.

Ní thig le gach duine an teanga fhoghlaim go héasca, agus é sna fichidí, ach déanfaidh sé dian-iarracht peil nó sliotar a bhualadh ó cheann ceann páirce is cuma má tá sé ag druidim ar an dachad bliana fiú. Is éasca do na Clubanna Lúchleas Gael mar sin trí nó ceithre fóirne a chur ar na páirc-eanna másea.

Tá na Clubanna agus na Coistí thar lear láidir go leor anois chun dushlán a thabhairt do na fóirne contae sa bhaile. Is fíor gur bhuaigh Club Londain Craobhchomórtas na hÉireann in iomáint idir-mhéanach le déanaí, gur rug club Nua Eabhrach an Sraith Náisiúnta ocht mbliain ó shin agus ag dul níos sia siar gur bhuaigh Londain Craobhchomórtas sinsear na hÉireann san iomáint i 1902.



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San lá tá inniú ann is lá mór ag na hÉireannaigh, sa Bhreatain, Satharn Cincíse. An lá sin gach bliain cuirtear cluichí Gaelacha ar siúl i Wembey ionad láidir na gcluichí nGallda. Ní cluichí eadar-chlub iad seo ach togha na bhfóirne Éireannacht ag iomaíocht le chéile nó le fóirne ón Bhreatain. I mbliana bhí ócáid thar an gcoitiann ann nuair a himríodh cluichí le fóirne ó Éirinn ó Nua Eabhrach, agus ón Bhreatain páir-teach iontu. Slua ós cionn dachad míle (40,000) a bhí i láthair agus an lá dár gcionn bhí ós cionn ocht míle (8,000) ag cluichí i New Eltham, páirc réasúnta bheag. Is comhartha é seo den dea-thoil atá ag na hÉireannaigh thar lear don náisiúnachas.

Ar aon dul leis na ghíomharthaí seo bhí ar chumas dhá dhream, sna Stáit Aonthaithe, fóirne an Dúin, curaí na bliana '61, agus Ua Fáile, iomathóirí sa Chraobhchluiche an bhliain chéanna, a bhreith go dtí na Stáit agus fóirne ceanntracha a chur in iomaíocht leo. H-imríodh cluichí in áiteacha mar Nua Eabhrach, San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia agus Boston. Tháinig na slóite ó gach áird leis na cluiche seo fheiceáil. Neartaigh sé seo na clubanna 'sna Stáit agus ní fada uainn an lá go mbeidh fóirne Pon-cánacha ag imirt i bPáirc an Crócaigh. Mar atá sé i láthair na huaire tá cead ag foireann Nua Eabhrach dul san íomaíocht gach bliain do Chraobh an tSraith/Chomórtas Náisiúnta.

Táid na Gaeil i gcéin ag déanamh a gcion chun cultúr na hÉireann a choimeád beo imeasc ár gcine thar lear. Tá constaicí mhóra 'na n-aghaidh ach táid in ann iad a shárú. Dá gcuirtí chuige sa bhaile leis an bhfuinneamh céanna d'fhéadfaí an teanga a shlánú taobh istigh de fiche blian. 'Siad na Gaeil sa bhaile atá patfhuaire san iarracht; mar sin molaimís na Gaeil i gcéin agus foghlaimís an ceacht uathu.



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FIFTEEN MEN AND A DREAM

WHY Kerry? The question and the mystery will remain as long as Irishmen play football. Why Kerry all the time, either there or thereabouts, in thrilling All-Ireland victory, or just as glorious defeat?

Why do even neutral hearts thrill when the Final involves the glamour county?

It is probably unexplainable, but I will go as far as I can to explain it.

You will be close to the solution of it when you ponder on why a Kerryman does not merely describe himself as from Kerry, or of Kerry or for Kerry. He says, "I am Kerry," as if to identify himself as part of that strange magic by which he is fey or bewitched and delirious so to be.

You will have to accept the fact that every Kerryman finds much more pride in being that than being an Irishman. Patriotic though most of them are, they would not be so unless they were so fanatically and frenziedly aware of being born in that lovely, sadly beautiful area of deep valleys and tall mountains pierced by the ever-present seas.

It is a poor land commercially but rich indeed in tradition and Gaelic generosity. And its people believe in a blood-creed. Not the appalling creed of the racialists but the warm relationships of the family and the clan.

Insult a Kerryman's relative who may bear the same blood only to the degree of the cousin ten times removed and the angry blow supplants the word that chides.

If Kerry's name happens to be linked with a game which former Kerryman plucked out of the ashes of the oppression, then that game becomes part of the county of whose fame all Kerryman are by nature jealous.

Perhaps it is that football has been linked by famous Kerryman to the ideal that moved ourselves or our forbears at the time when the opportunity came to fight for it.

Austin Stack, Thomas Ashe, The O'Rahilly, Humphrey Murphy, Dickeen Fitzgerald and John Joe Sheehy were all part, in some way, of the Republican movement of which Kerry, steeped in the Fenian tradition, took hold and absorbed.

They were all connected closely with the Gaelic football resurgence.

Kerryman talk of them in the silences while shooting their nets in Dingle Bay, lifting the turf from Lyrecrumpane, listening for the sound of beagles in the Black Valley or finding memories in the turf-fire glowing at Dun Chuinn.

You might think that Dublin, for instance, with its second-best football record, might so remember its playing and fighting heroes. But, alas, Dublin has many distractions, and no turf-fires to speak of where heroes might attain the status of Finn Mac Cuil or Oisín in the passing of the tales from father to son.

There is maybe, another reason. . . . There were those early matches between Louth and Kerry when the whole country knew that Louth had taken on a soccer trainer to help their men beat Kerry off the field! And we all know you don't ever dare a Kerryman. Aren't his very mountains imbued with the spirit of competition, rising as they do, one to top the other! And his valleys vie so much in beauty

KERRY'S MASTERY OF FOOTBALL HAS BEEN WEDDED TO HISTORY

By Liam Mac Gabhann

that men waste the hours away debating as to which green and blue fjord looks loveliest.

Men who are seanachies now recall with anger the time when the Great Southern Railway flouted the Kerry men who dared to ask for decent trains to run for the Irish games, too.

They will recall the many times Kerry sacrificed All-Irelands and the trophies that go therewith because they had more important assignments with the Black and Tans. And the times when they preferred to focus attention to comrades in jail even if they had to stress their ordeal by the nearest means to hand—the refusal to play in a championship they might so easily have won.

It was their way of relating a national event to a national cause.

So Kerry's games have so often been linked with challenge and counter-challenge and Kerry's mastery of football has been wedded to history.

Remember that nationality got a raw deal in Kerry. The county winced under the full horror of the Civil War. Kerry men recall dark deeds being carried out by "their own."

The fight for freedom developed a bitter taste. But though Ireland was sundered, and in the estimation of many, betrayed, there was always Kerry to hang on to.

Out of the internment camps emerged the nucleus of a resurgent football team. It was this that healed many wounds and hates on the athletic field and kept Kerry sane.

It gave an added glamour to the great Kerry-Kildare games of the 1920's—so wrapped in glorious memory that the names of Stanley, Higgins and Doyle are as much honoured still there as are those of the Sheehys, the Landers, the Brosnans, Paul Russell and Jackie Ryan.

To-day they talk in triumph of the great feats of the redoubtable Mick O'Connell, the elusive Tom Long, the iron-bodied Tiger Lyons.

These names too will go into Kerry history. Christian Brothers and national teachers—such as the great men who drilled young men like myself in the football code when the great Dr. Eamon began the Kingdom Cup matches after the Civil War and sent Kerry's youth to win laurels in the

Schools and Colleges matches—still teach their classes to excel in every way as Kerry has excelled in football.

They give them the impression that Kerry is unbeatable! They teach them so that young men dancing and courting in the halls and glens of the place vie with each other in the football game and become the new heroes of Kerry colleens, glamoured with the same old worship.

I sometimes feel that football comes next to religion in Kerry and young Kerry men feel that God created them to play football! Maybe they are right. God between them and all other harm.

And still, every year, it happens just like always—

*"Up from their high hills
faring, fifteen men—and
a dream*

*Woven in the colours
they're wearing, inherited
team by team. . . ."*

And yet, I feel that I haven't answered the question. I have only made it more aggravating still. Why Kerry?

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HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR
AND THANKS THEM FOR
THEIR PATRONAGE DURING
THE PAST YEARS

SCRAPBOOK

By Eamonn Young

A PAIR of football boots for 12/6. Yes, they were new, size eight and quite serviceable. Made of plastic by a Kerryman who has a factory in Cork, they are not as good as the boots that cost three times as much, but that's not very surprising. The toe-puff, essential to the footballer, is not as hard as in the leather boot, where the leather also encases the foot more cosily. Yet, for the price, the boot is very, very good and as a hurling boot I see no reason why they shouldn't be almost as good as any. Needless to remark, the leather boot-makers won't like it if this bright man, O'Brien, gets into the market.

* * *

IN 1955 when we brought in the non-stop rule I spoke and wrote of the necessity for firm control of subs. In the first game we saw under the new rule (Cork and Tipperary junior hurlers in Clonmel that year) the lack of control was brought home, for at the end of an exciting game a Tipperary back was taken off uninjured and another substituted without anyone of the madly excited crowd noticing.

There was no effort at subterfuge by the Tipperarymen; the sub just didn't report to the ref. Since then, we have often mentioned the matter but failed to press home the point, I fear. A few

months ago in a club game between Clonakilty and St. Nicholas in the Cork championship, Clonakilty, through a mistake, had sixteen players on the field for five minutes AND VERY FEW NOTICED IT. Certainly, I didn't know of it until walking out from the game. It won't happen in an All-Ireland but, surely, nothing unusual happens in the big games. It's the small ones we must watch. Substitution should be allowed only when the play is stopped.

* * *

IT was a junior championship game out the country (I'd better



Gerry O'Malley

not say where). The boys were kicking around before the game, faces tense under their caps, driving long balls high into the air and jumping for them like lively colts in need of exercise. The club secretary wanted to get them together for the chairman's address but it was very hard to get attention. Those lads didn't see a ball every day and were going to make the most of it now.

Eventually they were all quietened down and the ball taken off them so they gathered in a tight knot in the centre near one goal. Gradually the silence fell as a little man with a brown hat over his eyes worked his way in to the centre, got down on one knee, looked around him with a tight look. "Now min," says he, "ye know phat to do; gwin there and do it."

* * *

THOUGH he's on that long, gradual slope downhill Gerry O'Malley is still a very good player. Could anyone then think he would be so much below form in the All-Ireland final? It's no reflection on the training methods of shrewd Doc Keenan to say that O'Malley looked completely tired.

A player's enthusiasm is a wonderful thing but can be a double-edged weapon, as it stimulates him

(Continued on page 35)



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(Continued from page 33)

to extra effort. By the time someone finds out that he is overdoing it our man has run himself into the ground and is more fitted for a day in bed than a game. Perhaps that was not the case with O'Malley but he's just the game type of man to whom it could happen.

I remember in a semi-final against Cavan I trained very, very hard until sweating abnormally and feeling weak as a cat I asked on the Wednesday night to drop out of training. On the Saturday I was nervous and irritable and to make a long story short suggested at half-time (after Victor Sherlock had done what he liked) that I should be taken off. A pity the advice wasn't taken!

* * *

FLASH-BACK to the football All-Ireland. The black-haired Killarney man with the eagle look spoke to me while the Kerry men were training under Dr. Eamon. There was a faraway look in his eye and a smile of other days in his voice. "The min from the mountains," says he, "are shtiring themselves, getting measured for new suits, grazing th' axles of the cars, repairing the broken shaft, and fixing an iron lung under the high sate for the long shpin to Deblin."

The day after the game another son of the Kingdom was very disappointed. "Arrah, sure I knew they'd win," says he, "but I thought it would be some kind of a game. Be heavens only for the pain in me head I wouldn't know I was on a week-end at all."

* * *

WHAT a peculiar team Waterford hurlers are. There is ability to burn in these fiery men from na Deise and they have shown many a time that they can play the game as hard as any; but, oh, so many times they have been beaten badly by teams that later

showed they weren't extraordinary. I think they simply lack a steadiness of spirit which leaves them open to panic when led by a few quick scores. In games it's so important to have the mentality of the good tug-of-war team which takes the strain and holds on like grim death when the other side is putting in it's effort. If Waterford play steadily for sixty minutes whether in front or behind they should be up with the best instead of coming out to shock us

(pleasantly or otherwise) on odd days.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, twelve months ago that same team was well in the All-Ireland reckoning, just then I fancied themselves and Down. Kerry and Tipperary showed how wrong I was. Now, where will those cups go in 1963? Wexford, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Down, Kerry, Cavan . . . ? Here's to another year of good fun trying to find out. God bless.

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

CHRIS MURRAY, "Gaelic Sport's" question-time expert poses another set of 20 questions on G.A.A. affairs and statistics for your entertainment.

- 1—When was the first Intermediate Hurling Championship established?
- 2—Who were the initial winners of that title?
- 3—John Doyle, the great Tipperary hurler, has won . . . League medals?
- 4—The official name for Belfast's biggest G.A.A. Ground is . . . ?
- 5—The name of the official G.A.A. Ground in Belfast prior to this was . . . Park?
- 6—Mick O'Connell, Kerry's ace midfielder, hails from . . . ?
- 7—His team-mate, sterling half-back Mick O'Dwyer, hails from . . . ?
- 8—The annual Combined Universities v. Ireland football game was inaugurated in . . . ?
- 9—It has been held every year, but once, since then. What was the exceptional year?
- 10—The Oireachtas senior hurling competition came into being in . . . ?
- 11—Who were the first holders of the Oireachtas trophy?
- 12—Who captained Louth to All-Ireland S.F. success in 1957?
- 13—Their opponents on that occasion, Cork, were captained by . . . ?
- 14—Meath's captain in their All-Ireland win over Kerry in 1954 was Peter McDermott. He was popularly known as . . . ?
- 15—One of the G.A.A.'s Trustees is John Dunne, the popular Galway football official. In his playing days, he was known as . . . Dunne?
- 16—The official name for the Ennis G.A.A. Park is . . . ?
- 17—Willie Rackard played at centre half back for the Wexford hurlers in their All-Ireland final against Cork in 1954. Right or wrong?
- 18—Who was Cavan's goalkeeper in their All-Ireland S.F. win over Meath in 1952?
- 19—Meath's goalkeeper on that occasion was . . . ?
- 20—Who is chairman of the London Co. Board of the G.A.A.?

Turn to page 44 for the answers to the above questions and see to which of the following categories do you belong.

18-20 Correct—**Excellent**
13-17 Correct—**Very good**
10-12 Correct—**Fair**



PADDY DOHERTY

... still prominent for Down.

Down team's fall from power is only

Comeback possible

By P. J. LENNON

THE defeat of a champion is always around the corner. Sometimes the run to the corner is short, but every now and then the jaunt to that particular sporting bend will run into years. Such was the case with Down; they were monarchs virtually everywhere they played for the past four seasons, and their domain stretched from the green fields of home to the blue sea's edge of the Pacific. Never before did a county fifteen gain such popularity and it was all the more glorious in so much as it was achieved by a pure style of classical football which had been perfected in a mere handful of years.

However, a time of reckoning was at hand; the sands of success were running out for the lads in red and black. On a sunny afternoon a few months ago the flag which fluttered so gaily and defiantly, north, south and west was hauled down in no uncertain fashion and it was now the Mournemen's lot to drink deeply the gall of defeat.

Make no mistake though, Down in their failure were splendid; for Cavan were brilliant. Before their disbelieving eyes the Down supporters saw a fit, determined Cavan team wrench the trophy from the champions' grasp with clinical efficiency.

For a spasm at the outset it looked as though the Down team were more than equal for the chore they had taken on, but at the half

way stage the scales were already tipped heavily in favour of the lads from Breffni. Since that day many reasons have been advanced for the downfall of Down, but the real reason we will never know. Sufficient to say without taking the credit away from Cavan that the men who carried the Sam Maguire Cup across the border for the first time were on that occasion but a pale shadow of the fifteen who had carved out a special place for themselves in Gaelic footballing history. As they trooped off the field one could sense their disappointment and I could not help but recall that it was these boys who only a short time previously had fought for, won and worn with dignity and honour the mantle of responsibility which is the heritage of all worthy champions.

Since their rise Down have changed the entire attitude, certainly within the county and no doubt in much of the province, to Gaelic football. I remember without any difficulty travelling to county matches when it was something to go with a full bus load. One old county player told me that along with members of the team, the full strength of their supporters could be carried in one bus.

Once when a game was being played on the doorstep at Monabot, in the historic parish of Saul against Cavan, who were then in their hey-day, you could have counted the entire attendance

within fifteen minutes. Today, the game not only attracts the men folk but it has a very large following of young boys and girls.

In Erinagh, just outside Downpatrick, a group of young girls who have formed an accordion band and who were staunch supporters of the county team, have adopted the red and black as their uniform with outstanding success.

Let no one run away with the idea that the women supporters today haven't got a clue about what is going on. Many of them can converse on the play and the players as ably as the seasoned male. Around me on the terraces of Casement Park girls were in hundreds; close by me as the game entered the last phase I noticed a handsome young lady in stocking feet, shoes in hand, with the tears unashamedly coursing down her cheeks, murmur every now and then: "They'll come from behind."

On the top of the bus on the way home some time later one man remarked: "Well that's the travelling over for another year or so.' Always on the path of victory a team will pick up the parasite supporters, those who follow when all is well but at the first sign of reversal the fair weather lads are off to seek excitement and give doubtful succour elsewhere. But I thought of the crusty old gent with whom I came through the gate. "They were bad, but they'll be back, mark my words," he said.

a passing phase

next year

A machine must be overhauled after a gruelling session of work; an army requires re-organization after the battle. And a football team following an arduous spell at the top needs re-construction. If it were possible to carry out team building, introduce new blood and maintain both balance and rhythm without forfeit, then this would be ideal. But rarely is this successful. One has only to have a look at the other great teams in recent years, such as Dublin, Galway, Cavan or Meath to realise that after a period at the peak a fall must follow and time must be taken to rest and then begin the big build-up again.

Chatting with a number of old county players recently I found my reason for believing that Down would most certainly come back again. There was a time, said one, "when the team just went out to get beaten, we were getting nowhere. However, once we stood back and took a look at ourselves and came to the conclusion that man for man we could produce as good as the best, once this idea sank in the county team began to climb out of the doldrums."

This is true now as it was before this great team, perhaps the best in recent years to grace Croke Park, came up. I have no doubt that their fall from power is only a passing phase, and that there is still room for further laurel leaves where those of the past three years rested so proudly.



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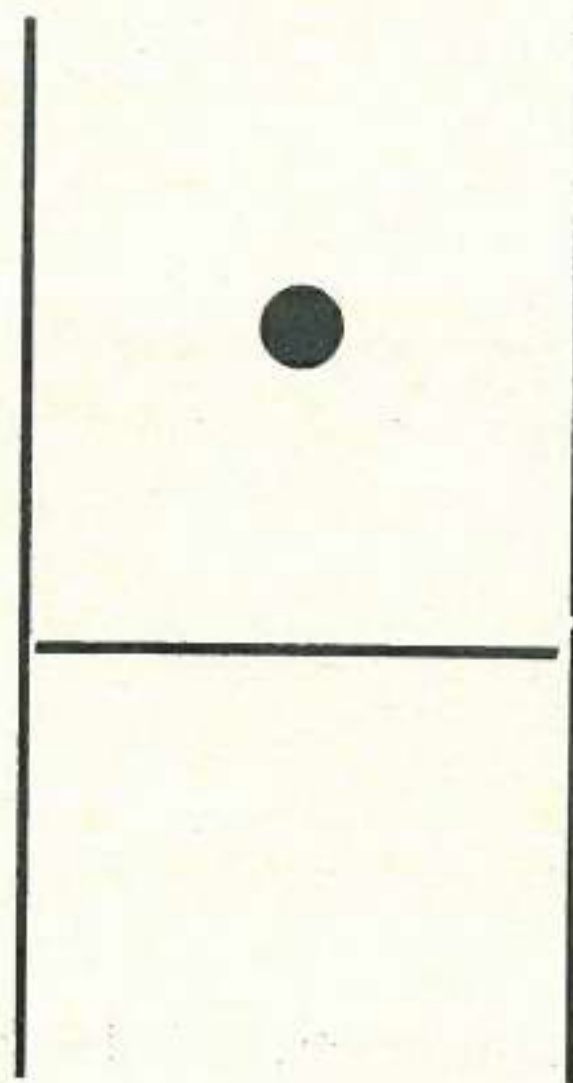
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PROGRESS IN THE COLLEGES

CAMOGIE
COMMENT
BY
AGNES
HOURIGAN

AS we approach the end of another camogie year we may well ask ourselves is the game progressing at all, or are our labours just obair in aisege?

Well, in one important aspect progress has been made, for there is, in Leinster and Ulster at any rate, increased interest in the Schools and Colleges competitions, and the schoolgirls of today are the stars of tomorrow.

Indeed, in more than a few cases the schoolgirls of today are the stars of today also, for there were schoolgirls both on the Dublin team that won this year's All-Ireland title and on the Leinster team that won the interprovincial crown.

And the most remarkable fact is, I should add, neither girl attends a school in which camogie is officially played.

The work that is being done in some of the schools to encourage the game is little short of phenomenal. I remember last autumn watching the Naas Mercy Convent side play in the Leinster championship and while they had plenty of enthusiasm they had not a great deal more. I have seen them play this season and they have improved out of all recognition, but then, when I saw them play in Naas they were being encouraged and advised by several of the Kildare senior players and officials and it was very obvious that it was this advice and encouragement that was bearing fruit.

In the same way, each of the Dublin schools is coached and advised by some prominent official or player of the County Board, all of whom give time and trouble to advancing the game.

And that is the spirit we want throughout the country, the encouragement of camogie for the

sake of camogie, not for the sake of winning or losing titles or championships.

In the long run it is better to have half a dozen not so good teams in any given area, all of them having fun out of playing, than one star side, which may win titles but causes the not so good players to lose interest in camogie because they never get a game themselves.

I have been going around during the past couple of seasons to all available college matches on Saturdays and am always pleasantly surprised
(Continued overleaf)



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(Continued from previous page)

by the great enthusiasm that prevails at such games in the various districts. Surely, with such enthusiasm it should be possible to spread out from these schools centres and get teams going in the various districts from which these schoolgirls come?

However, the Colleges competitions are young yet. They are already proving their worth, but we shall have to wait another few years to get the full benefit from them.

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In the meantime, is there any hope of Connacht and Munster following in the footsteps of Ulster and Leinster and founding Colleges competitions of their own?

Cork already has well organised schools and colleges competitions and one would imagine that it should not be too difficult to extend these to take in Limerick and Tipperary. Strangely enough, hockey is now being played in parts of Limerick and Tipperary where the game was unknown before. Would this have occurred if there had been a flourishing Colleges' camogie championship throughout Munster?

I hear there is a great drive afoot to bring the Limerick schools together, and the sooner that is done the better. In the West there has long been a schools championship in Galway with the Dominican College at Taylor's Hill high on the honours list. Would it not be a good idea if the Connacht Council made some move to have a Colleges' championship of the province?

If we had Colleges' championships in all four provinces, an All-Ireland Colleges championship could then be easily arranged and would bring new prestige to the Colleges competitions and, indeed, to the game itself.

As I have said so often before, we in the Camogie Association are to blame in one important respect for some of our own failings because we have not sufficient confidence in ourselves and our own strength. We too readily believe that we are everybody's poor relation, and we are treated accordingly.

What we must remember is this, that we are the biggest organisation in women's sport in Ireland, that we are the only national sporting organisation for women in Ireland, and that on us, ultimately, rests as great a responsibility for Ireland's future as rests on the shoulders of our men-folk in the G.A.A.

In certain quarters folks still choose to believe that it is not "class" to be a camogie player or to have anything to do with camogie. The exact opposite is the case. It is an honour for any of us to belong to the Camogie Association, and if every member would but keep that fact in mind, many of our present troubles would be over.

A LAMENT FOR TOMMY MOORE'S

by SEAN O'NEILL

I'VE never missed a final great
Since Cork beat Galway in '28
And afterwards I've ne'er been late
To drink at Tommy Moore's.

'Twas all part of the mighty day
Where men could meet and have their
say,
And toast the champions and the fray
With drinks at Tommy Moore's.

One evening there could teach you more
Of how to play and how to score
Than all the books you'd read before
Those drinks at Tommy Moore's.

Men from Dublin, Cork and Clare,
From Limerick, Tipp. and Wexford fair,
You could stake a pint they'd all be there
To drink at Tommy Moore's.

All round me there stood men of fame,
The likes of whom we'd ne'er see again,
Except on evenings when they came
To drink at Tommy Moore's.

That man who sits there on the chair
'Twas he who beat the might of Clare;
In all he won five medals fair,
And he drinks at Tommy Moore's.

While he who stands just near the wall,
'Twas he that sure could play the ball;
His stick made many a county fall
Aye, he drinks at Tommy Moore's.

See him who stands there in the rere,
He won two medals in one year;
Surely a man without a peer,
And he drinks at Tommy Moore's.

'Twas he beyond who scored the goal
That put an end to Limerick's toll;
His hair was then as black as coal,
Now he drinks in Tommy Moore's.

And there I give you a man of men.
He led the Faughs from nineteen-ten,
He was with them lose or win,
The mighty Tommy Moore.

But ne'er again will such a band
Come all together in our fair land
To recall the deeds both brave and grand,
As they did in Tommy Moore's.

Croke Park will never be the same
No matter how well they play the game,
For gone for good is our Hall of Fame,
Grand old Tommy Moore's.

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A 'WANTED' MAN

By Patrick David

PAUL RUSSELL has weathered the years well. Today a personality of wit, a brilliant conversationalist and a provocative and extremely readable newspaper columnist on G.A.A. affairs, he is as well-known as he was thirty years ago, when, at the height of his playing career, he was one of Kerry's greatest football stars.

His lengthy career in sport—from player to columnist—provides a fruitful, rewarding harvest of wonderful stories and, come to think of it, few can tell a story with the same engaging ease as Paul himself. We have been friends for many years, I have heard many of those stories and I can say that I have always enjoyed them.

Yet, oddly enough, one of the most unusual stories of that same career, is one that Paul had forgotten about until I jogged his memory some weeks ago.

I stumbled across it completely by accident. I was in the National Library, thumbing through some old newspaper files—searching for, of all things, the runners in the 1928 Grand National—when I happened to glance at the names on a Leinster football team and noticed that Paul had been picked to play at right half-back against Connacht.

I was just about to turn over the page when I happened to notice, too, that the Munster team to play Ulster was also given. And, lo and behold, there on the Munster team, also at right half back was . . . Paul Russell.

There had to be a good story in this somewhere, so that very same night, I got on to Paul. I was right; there was a story—a most unusual one at that.

For it turned out that Paul Russell has a unique record in the history of the G.A.A. He is the only man to have been picked to play for Leinster in the Railway Cup competition . . . and to have been picked to play for Munster in the same

position, in the same competition, in the same year!

Paul gave me the full story. In 1928 the Leinster and Munster football teams were announced on the same day and, much to everyone's surprise—"And that included me too", he says, Paul was down to play for Munster against Ulster on February 19 and for Leinster against Connacht on February 26.

At the time, this, of course, provoked tremendous discussion and argument and, indeed, no one—"and that again included me", says Paul—was quite sure as to which province he would represent.

Paul had been on the winning Kerry side in the 1926 final, but in 1927 after his Dublin club, Garda, had won the county senior football championship, he decided to play with Dublin in that year's championship. However, Dublin were beaten by Kildare in the Leinster final. Subsequently, Paul went back to Kerry and turned out for them in the National Football League.

On February 18, 1928, the Central Council decided to take a hand in the argument and, in no time at all they resolved the controversy. They issued a ruling that as Paul had played for Dublin in 1927 and that as the Railway Cup was a 1927-1928 competition, he would have to turn out for Leinster.

And he did. In fact, with three long-range points in the closing minutes of the game, he was responsible for Leinster's victory over Ulster on St. Patrick's Day that year.

That, as far as I was concerned, was the story. But Paul, as always with his stories, had the perfect tail-piece.

"Just a few weeks later," he told me, "I turned out for Kerry in the National League final and we beat Kildare." And, as he added, that final must also been part of a 1927-1928 competition!

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HOW DID YOU SCORE ?

(Answers to Questions
on page 35)

- 1—1961.
- 2—Wexford.
- 3—Nine.
- 4—Casement Park.
- 5—Corrigan Park.
- 6—Valentia Island.
- 7—Waterville.
- 8—1950.
- 9—In 1959, when the new Hogan Stand was in the process of being erected.
- 10—1947
- 11—Kilkenny.
- 12—Dermot O'Brien, the popular bandleader of the moment.
- 13—Nealie Duggan.
- 14—"The Man in the Cap."
- 15—"Tull" Dunne.
- 16—Cusack Park.
- 17—Wrong. Willie was right full-back on that occasion.
- 18—Seamus Morris.
- 19—Kevin Smyth.
- 20—James Mullarkey, a Sligoman, who worked for many years in Tuam, Co. Galway, before emigrating.

The Late Frank Sheehy

THE death of Mr. Frank Sheehy in Nigeria came as a deep shock to everyone in and connected with the Gaelic Athletic Association. Mr. Sheehy had been one of the best known and most able administrators in the association, having been chairman of the Kerry Co. Board for more than ten years prior to his departure from Ireland in 1961; and chairman of the Munster Council from 1956 to 1959. He ran for the Presidency at Easter Congress of 1958, but failed by a narrow margin of votes to the Leinster nominee, Dr. J. J. Stuart.

He was an outstanding footballer in his youth. He played for Kerry and for Munster, and had the distinction of being the first player to score in the first Railway Cup final in 1928.

Mr. Sheehy left for Nigeria in August, 1961, to take up an appointment as Professor of Educational Science in a Training College run by the Society of Missions to Africa.

UPSET OF THE YEAR

TALK of upsets. The biggest upheaval in Connacht for many a day happened at this year's annual Shrule (Co. Mayo) seven-a-side football competition.

Holdes Dunmore McHales were hot favourites to win the tournament for the second year running. With a crack seven made up of Brendan Glynn, Andy O'Connor, Jack Mahon, John and Pat Donellan, Bosco McDermott and Seamus Leydon, they coasted to a very easy first round win over Ballinrobe.

Their next game against a reasonably good Kilmaine team was regarded as a foregone conclusion. But, against all the odds, Kilmaine deservedly won a great game by four points, which featured a wonderful display from Kilmaine's tall Larry O'Dea, who has since graduated to the Mayo Senior team.

In future Shrule competitions, these sides will meet again and the popular organiser, Very Rev. T. Kyne, P.P., will certainly back a financial winner if he promises patrons a return game.

Kilmaine eventually won the tournament on the toss of a coin from a good U.C.G. side, the final ending in a draw in failing light.

Continuing Galway's great

goalkeeping tradition in hurling, current goalkeeper Jimmy Hegarty, the youthful Galway City lad, seems set to emulate the feats of O'Mahony, Duggan, Boland and Croke with a series of outstanding displays during the past year for his club, Liam Mellowes, and for Galway.

His form, however, must be maintained, as his understudy, the intermediate goalkeeper, Michael Howley, is also making quite a name for himself, while another goalkeeper who hit the headlines during the year was Turloughmore's Bobby Madden.

No longer figuring as a goalkeeper, Seanie Duggan, as fit almost as he was ten years ago, now uses all his experience to score goals in the Galway City club line-out, Liam Mellowes.

Sean has always kept himself perfectly fit, and his sportmanship is, as ever, exemplary. His younger brothers, Jimmy and "Mogan," still play with Mellowes and all three are a major problem for opponents in Galway club hurling.

Two veterans still very active on Mayo club football fields, namely Ned Moriarty, the former stalwart wing half back, and Dr. Mickey Loftus, the referee, opposed each



JIMMY DUGGAN
(Galway).

other in the North Mayo J.F.C. final in September, Loftus adding yet another medal to his fine collection in helping Crossmolina to
(Continued on page 53)

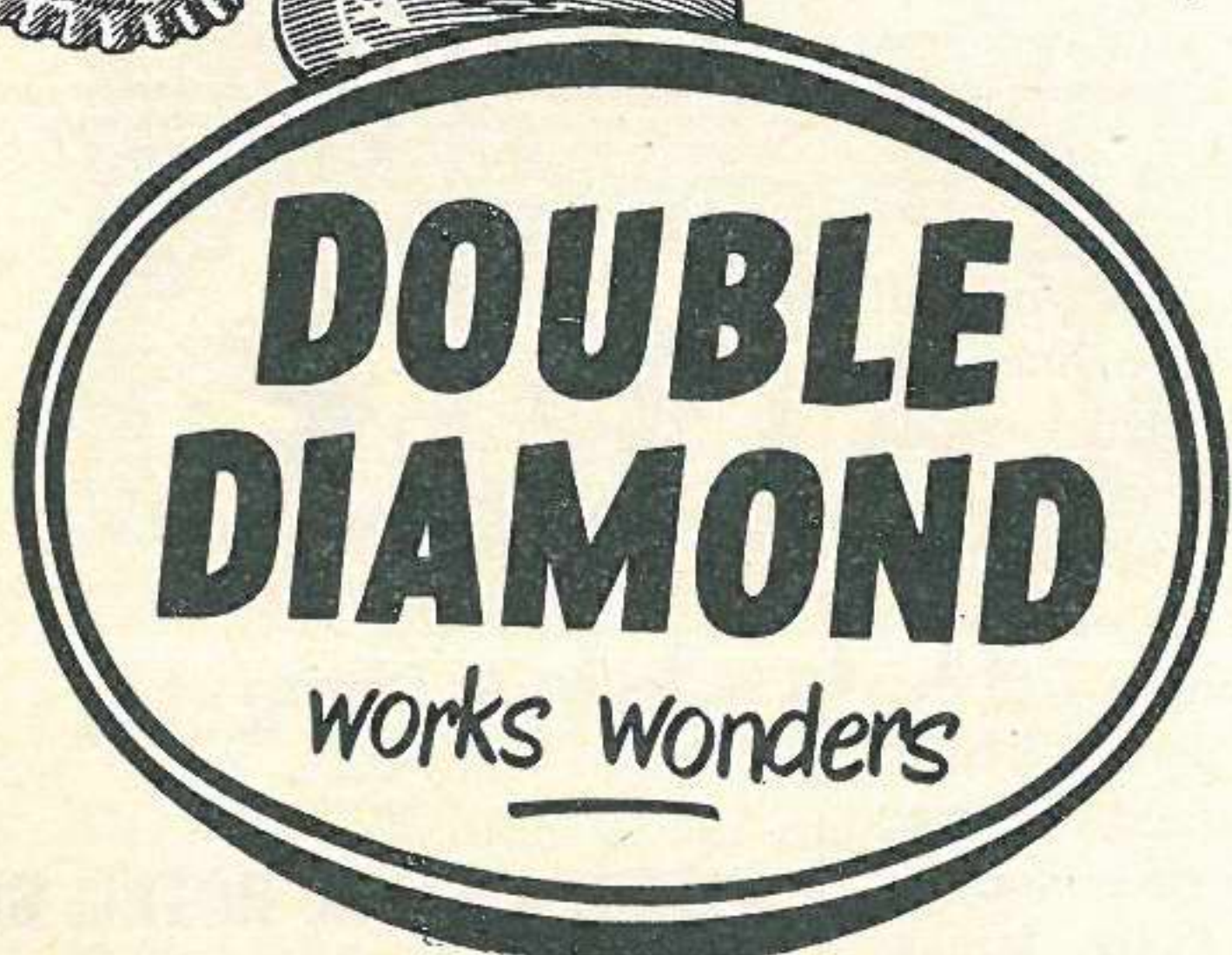


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The master

midfielder

Reproduced by courtesy of the *Irish Times*, from an article by PADDY DOWNEY.

A FACET of sport which appears, at times, to provide more entertainment than does actual participation, is the sportsman's limitless capacity for arguments, mounting occasionally almost to feuds, about the relative merits of performers of the past and present.

One suspects that those who revel in this pastime (and which of us doesn't?) are secretly pleased that, except in the case of contemporaries whose measure can be judged, more often than not, by the yardstick of direct opposition, the comparison of players of different eras can never be conclusive. It is rather like the well that never dries up; the gaily-lit carnival wheel that solves the problem of perpetual motion.

The great universal discussion stretches from the Dempseys and the Louises of boxing, the Elliotts and the Lovelocks of athletics, the Tulyars and the Crepellos of racing to the Rings and the Mackeys of hurling.

The argument as to whether Christy Ring or Mick Mackey was the greater hurler constitutes, perhaps, the most heated, certainly the most exciting, word-battle in Gaelic games. But there are scores of others of quite formidable pro-

portions; and now there is Mick O'Connell . . . and Paddy Kennedy. Or, as Leixmen or Kildaremen might have it, O'Connell and Tommy Murphy; O'Connell and Larry Stanley.

These thoughts were prompted during the Kerry-Cavan match at Croke Park recently when O'Connell gave another of his magnificent performances at midfield.

Very few men have beaten, or even matched, the Valentia genius in an important game. Those who come to mind are Frank Evers (Galway), Jim McKeever (Derry) and Jarlath Carey (Down). But, in O'Connell's favour, it must be mentioned that Ever's triumph occurred three years ago, in the All-Ireland final of 1959, and McKeever's around the same time. Only Carey succeeded in countering the Kerryman's skill in comparatively recent times—in the All-Ireland semi-final of 1961.

It is extremely doubtful, however, whether any of these players, great though they were, could have "lived" with O'Connell, at his best, during the past twelve months. Three years ago, his skill with a football was virtually as polished as it is to-day; but at that time and, indeed, up until the

beginning of this season, he seemed to disdain the element of robustness that is rather a normal feature of midfield play.

One could hardly have expected any other reaction from a footballer of his class: the class of a pure ball-player whose immense talent, it seems—rather like the late Willie Mackessy of Cork—could have brought him unrivalled success in any game he chose.

Having watched him in most of Kerry's matches during 1962, one now gets the impression that O'Connell has decided to employ some judicious brawn with the sophisticated ability of his superior football against opponents who like to mix it. The result is that this man, who quit a brilliant engineering career so that he could live the life of an island man, is now unbeatable in Kerry's midfield.

It is still apparent that he will never discard completely his contempt for unnecessary bodily contact but, so fortunately for his team, it no longer irritates him to the extent of a few years ago, when he would occasionally go off his game because of what he considered, bustling tactics by opponents whose style of play was not forged in the ball-playing school of Valentia football.

It is now universally conceded that Mick O'Connell is not only the greatest midfielder of the day, but far and away the greatest since the war.

But what of Paddy Kennedy . . . Tommy Murphy . . . Larry Stanley? How does this colossal man of the moment compare with those giants of the past? There are plenty of sound judges of football who contend that his skill has never been equalled . . . by anyone, at any time. Again, you will find as many who refute that opinion.

And so it goes on . . . the eternal discussion, without which the sportsman should have nothing to shout about in times of peace in the Carribbean and at the Brandenburg Gate.

THE HURLING LEAGUE

A GAIN, after a couple of games, the present set-up in the National Hurling League is seen to be a complete failure. Interest will have flagged after another round and the great 'hiatus' will be upon us until late spring, 1963, when the final itself may reawaken our enthusiasm.

The spectacle, on a recent Sunday, of Tipperary trouncing Offaly to the tune of 10 goals 10 points to 2 goals 4 points bears out the argument that

such "contests" serve little purpose. Rubbing salt into Offaly's wounds was no more pleasant for the men in blue and gold than it was for the victims in green and gold. And it happened on Offaly's home ground. Unless the day was very fine in Birr I am doubtful if any more than two or three hundred enthusiasts attended the slaughter.

This is not to decry the efforts of the Offaly Co. Board, or the players. Both hurling and football are widely played and well

catered for in the county. But I am sure that the Offalians themselves would welcome a plan which would raise the morale of their players and gradually bring them to the top bracket in the hurling sphere.

The powers-that-be must have a real hurling final and so must adjust their thinking to keeping the giants apart in two divisions. Come what may, they will bolster up the divisions with counties where there is any semblance of hurling. It looks well on paper but it doesn't serve any useful purpose. However, the fans are never sated and they will flock to Croke Park for the League final if names like Cork and Tipperary appear on the programme. Fine A great match! On television and all. Powerful. Better than the 'All-Ireland'.

But one match doesn't make a League and the discouraged players of Offaly, Laois or Clare don't give two figs for television if they could only have a chance of winning some grade of hurling competition. Let's figure one out for them.

We will form two divisions made up of the 'stronger' and the "weaker" counties. In the stronger division we can have two sections, "A" and "B". Every team will have home and away games against all other teams in its section.

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Clare.	Limerick.
Waterford.	Dublin.
Carlow.	Galway.
Kilkenny.	Wexford.

In each of the above sections there would be eight (4 home, 4 away) matches for every team. The semi-finals (knockout basis) would consist of the following pairings:—

(a) Winners Section 'A' v Runners-up Section 'B'.

(b) Winners Section 'B' v Runners-up Section 'A'.

Thus, in this division there would be a total of 43 matches, including the final.

In Division 2 there would be a similar set-up with the sections based on the counties' proximity to each other. There would be no automatic promotion from this Division to Division 1 for a period of three years, after which the Central Council would decide if one or more teams deserved promotion. Entry to this Division, from counties not listed, could be granted by Central Council from year to year. The suggested line-up in Division 2 is:—

SECTION 'A'	SECTION 'B'
Antrim.	Offaly.
Down.	Laois.
Donegal.	Kerry.
Roscommon.	Kildare.
Meath.	Wicklow.
	Westmeath.

Each team to play a home and away game against all other teams in its section. Semi-finals, as Division 1, to consist of winners Section 'A' v runners-up Section 'B' and winners section 'B' v runners-up, Section 'A'.

The final of Division 2 to be played on the same day and at the same venue as the Division 1 final. Medals of an equal quality to those for Division 1 to be awarded to the winners.

A total of 53 matches would

take place in this division giving us a total of 96 League matches in all.

Minor details, such as the position arising when two teams in a section fill runners-up position with equal points, would be easily ironed out.

In any event it is time for a drastic "shake-up". The promotion and expansion of one of the world's oldest and greatest games should be the primary consideration—not the "gates" to be expected.

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THE NEW FRONTIERS

GAELIC games—and football in particular—went international in the past year on a scale never known before. The annual visit of the top teams here at home to London's Wembley Stadium continued—and the New York footballers came over to join them—in late May Down, the holders of the All-Ireland title as well as the National League, undertook the 15,000-mile trans-American trip and later in the year Offaly's footballers visited New York.

Down's trans-Atlantic tour was a pioneering one. It was the first to be staged by the newly recognised American Board, which organises Gaelic games in more than twenty north American cities, and it marked the first visit of a county football side to Philadelphia, Cleveland and San Francisco.

Also included were games in Boston and Chicago. As a first undertaking it was a successful tour. The American Board is a young body controlling a vast area and with limited resources it handled Down's tour most capably—as each member of the party can vouch for.

Due to several reasons the attendances were small compared with figures here at home, even disappointing when one considers the number of Irish in each of the major U.S. cities. But all connected with Down's tour from this and the American side of the Atlantic are convinced that such extensive trips can be undertaken again—and even more successfully now that the American Board, which gathers strength all the time, has made its start.

Offaly's visit—a fitting reward for two years of hard football endeavour in which the once-luckless midland county won many new friends and earned a new ranking—was to New York only, a city where Offalymen abound and which has a strong Offaly G.A.A. club.

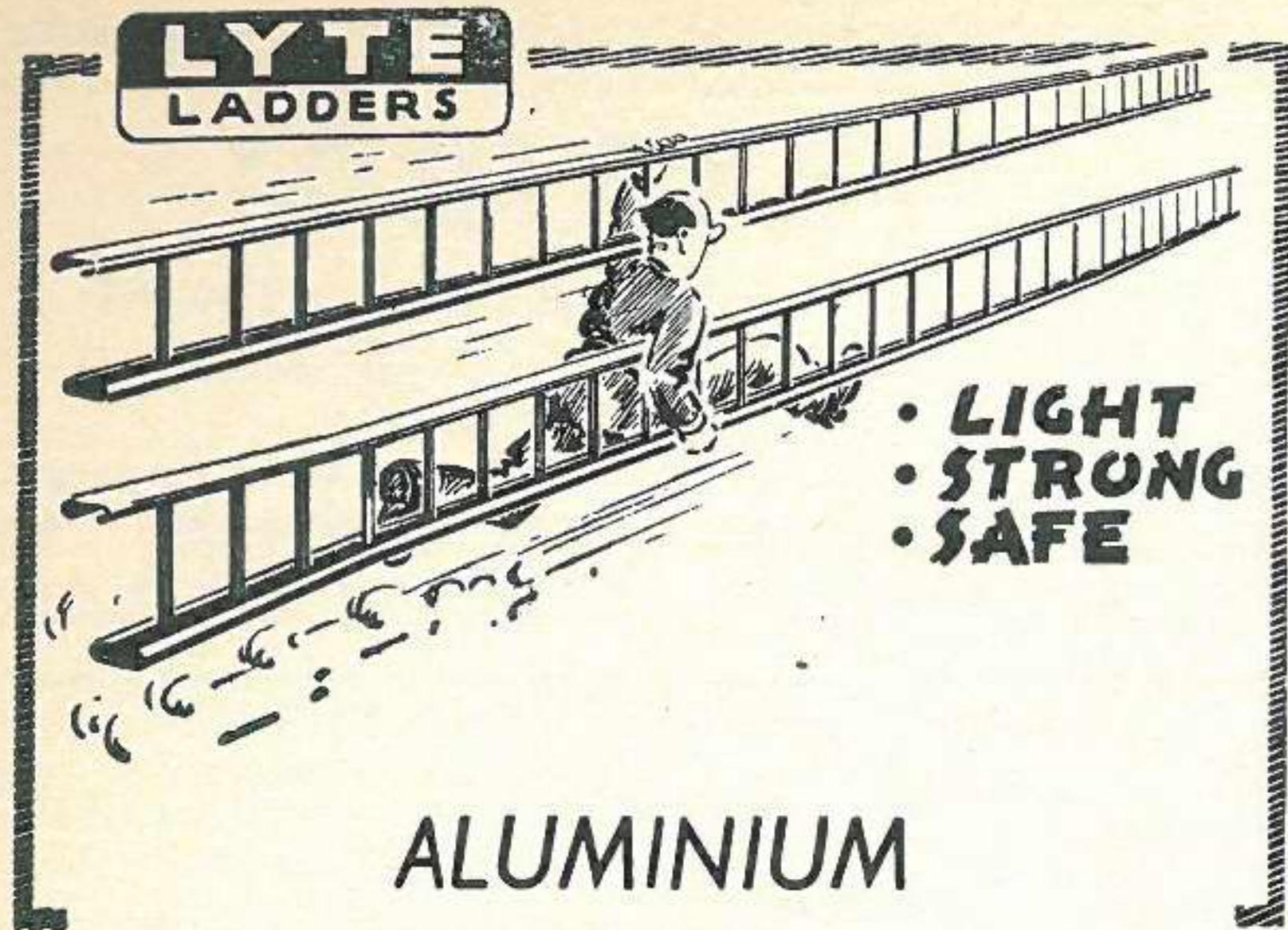
New York, of course, are old hands at this business of trans-Atlantic tours; they have years of experience, they have a strength which their concentration of clubs in a comparatively small area makes possible and they possess a ground always available to Gaelic games.

But though New York have handled many tours, few, if any, surpassed the most recent Offaly one. They were made royally welcome and they played football which was a fitting return for the hospitality showered upon them.

But there was a sad aspect to all this increased international activity. Down, reported to have played superb football during their tour, visited New York, but only for a brief stop-over on their way to Boston for their first game. They played no game in New York.

Likewise Offaly went no further than New York and their games were confined to two on successive Sundays there. All of which is unfortunate. It is a pity that followers of the game in New York were deprived of seeing Down, one of the great sides of modern times and one that had brought a new glamour to football in the three years preceding their U.S. tour.

It is equally regrettable that G.A.A. enthusi-
(Continued on page 59.)



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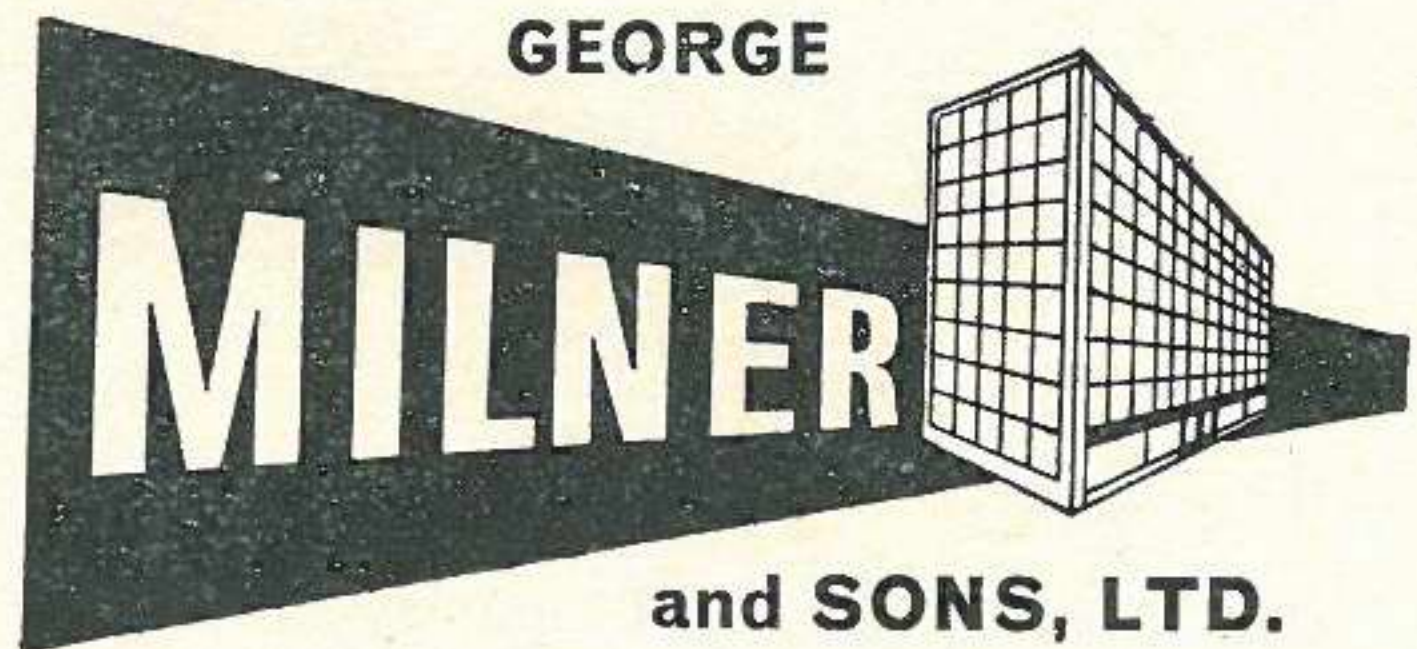
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(Continued from page 45)

defeat Belmullet. But as far as veterans go, these two fine footballers' long-service records pale by comparison with Claremorris's stalwart full-back, Henry Dixon, still a pillar in defence and out-playing no less a man than Castlebar's Mick Ruane in this year's Mayo S.F.C. final, which Castlebar won by a point. When Dixon starred at centre half back in Mayo's senior All-Ireland wins of 1950 and '51, he was then a veteran. Now he must be a

"veteran veteran". Hats off to Moriarty, Loftus and, above all, Dixon.

In days when referees are criticised more than they are lauded, it was nice to hear the praises sung of a Mayo priest, Rev. Leo. Morahan, for his fine, sensitive control of the whistle on a few occasions during the summer. Fr. Morahan, a professor in St. Mary's College, Galway, is very well versed in the correct interpretation of G.A.A. rules, and has no time for unsporting conduct of any des-

cription. A brilliant goalkeeper himself in his student days, he is a wonderful Mayo supporter who, like many other Mayomen, yearns for a return of the green and red.

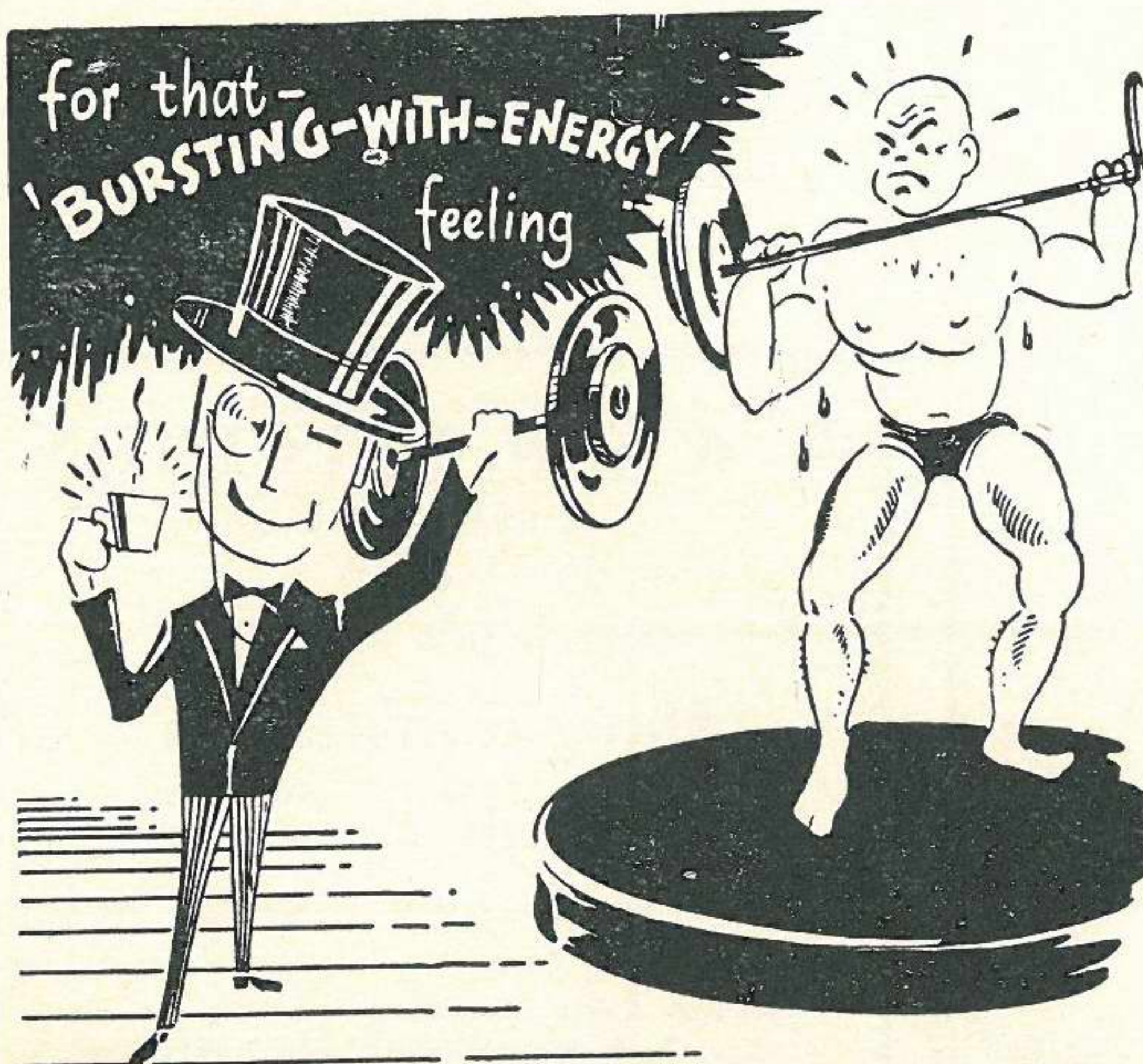
The selection of Railway Cup teams will soon be in the air again. Here in Connacht, the composition of the football team creates great interest. The performances of the Connacht football side for the past three years have been pretty dismal, with one notable exception, namely the drawn game with Munster in 1961 at Tuam.

One man who must come into the reckoning for the first time this year is Leitrim's flying forward, Paddy Dolan. His fellow forward, Cathal Flynn has manned the left corner forward post consistently for the past number of years. Dolan, however, has outshone Flynn in the vital championship games for the past two years. Rather frail-looking, Paddy is very fleet of foot, has very capable hands and an accurate shot and has made it very hot for Galway's Sean Meade and "Bosco" McDermott in championship games with Galway. Dolan's selection for Connacht this year must be a foregone conclusion.

The nicest football played by any team in the Connacht championship, came from Sligo and with the experience gained in their tests with Mayo and Roscommon, their day should be around the corner. Their corner forwards, Joe Hannan and Mickey Kearns, gave exhibitions of corner forward play at its best. Hannan possibly overplays the ball, but can be forgiven, when one takes into consideration his wonderful ball-control. Kearns picks off points in very casual fashion and seems set to make a grand corner forward.

Veteran Paddy Christie, popularly called "Mandrake" by a section of Sligo supporters near me at the Sligo v. Mayo games, adds experience to a full forward line that should pose many problems for full back lines in the future.

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Kevin Heffernan bows out

THE LAST HURRAH

By BOB DOLAN



THE retirement from the playing fields of Kevin Heffernan proclaims with great finality the end of an era in Dublin football.

Some will argue that this era ended when his colleagues Ollie Freaney, Des. Ferguson and Jim Crowley retired from the scene, in common with other great St. Vincent's players of that period.

But up to very recently Kevin constantly reminded us of the better days with those sure, deft touches and distinctive feints which were the terror of all defences.

Indeed, he was called upon to produce even greater effort when his famous fellow forwards decided to hang up their boots.

His potential was recognised from his earliest years and the good brothers of Scoil Mhuire in Marino soon realised that this slim youth was more than just another footballer. In fact, even then, he was a star on a team of budding stars.

It was not long before he graduated from schoolboy football to the sterner stuff of senior league and championship, and from the beginning he left an unmistakable stamp on the game.

Inevitably and at an early age the rather lightly-built Heffernan entered the inter-county arena and although he had to contend with

much rough and even unfair tackling as full backs tried to cope with this new and somewhat unknown menace to their citadels, it was not long before he was drawing gasps of admiration from both friend and foe.

St. Vincent's had been gradually rising in county competitions and when they won the senior championship in 1949, the scene was set for further conquests.

And perhaps their greatest

victory was in the council chamber, for having defeated such all-star combinations as Garda, Sean McDermott's, Clan na Gael and Civil Service, the Vincent's club demanded that only Dublin men be picked for the county senior football team.

They did not meet with immediate success in this aim, but their superiority became more and more marked as they increased in

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of mentors is that they make their presence very much felt. They are invariably seen dashing on and off the pitch—sometimes two or three at a time—not only making unnecessary switches but often creating panic and confusion in the very team they are trying to help. We had far too much of this in the past season.

But the panic and confusion which is apparent on the pitch is as nothing compared to what goes on on the sideline. It's an educational and sometimes very chastening experience to see anything between a half-dozen and a half-score of them trying to agree on a line of action, each pushing

his own fancy and nobody agreeing with anybody else. The Tower of Babel had nothing on them. That's why I feel the whole system should be abolished.

I firmly believe that for each team there should be one team manager who would in the first instance advise on the selection of the team and who then would have complete control of the team on the pitch. He would, of course, want to be a shrewd, quick-thinking, quick-acting personality who knew his game well and in whom the team would have complete confidence. But even if he lacked some of these qualities he would still be a considerable advancement on that class of persons now so sadly mis-called "mentors".

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(From page 55.)

strength and physique and eventually their dream became a reality.

And with the realisation of this aim came added responsibility. The issue then was Dublin v. The Rest and almost every match that Vincent's or the county played was a needle affair.

Strangely enough, the most, severe opposition came from within the county and the policy of native-born players was constantly under fire, even at the Dublin County Board meetings.

Of course, Kevin Heffernan and his colleagues played the vital role in this football resurgence. It was their skill and "new style"—for want of a better term—football that put their club in the position to demand what they regarded as right.

Had they not helped to draw 30,000 and more people to Croke Park for county finals? Had they not created such atmosphere at these games that they were often called "little All-Irelands"; and had they not brought the Dublin crowds streaming into Croke Park and into the provincial venues in League and championship?

Ironically, the county team had not the success one would have expected from a combination that included, as well as Heffernan, Freaney and Ferguson, such great footballers as Danno Mahony, Jim Crowley, Mossy Whelan, Norman Allen, Paddy Haughey and Jim Lavin, to mention but a few.

It has been maintained that the reason why they did not achieve greater distinction at top level was because they were operating at concert pitch all the time, whether for county or club, and inevitably they cracked—unfortunately at the wrong time.

In 1958 Dublin swept the boards. Trained by Peter O'Reilly—himself an All-Ireland medal holder—and led by Kevin Heffernan, the team completed the grand slam by winning the National League, the All-Ireland championship and the St. Brendan Cup. This was the

first time that this had been achieved in one year, although it has been done since.

So Heffernan had so deservedly won the trophy which it is every player's ambition to win—an All-Ireland medal.

The following year Dublin reached the semi-final and here were the men from the Kingdom to cross swords with them.

This was, perhaps, the most keenly-fought of all the meetings between the counties and although Kerry won, Dublin were badly out of luck. The Kingdom posts bore a charmed life and Heffernan in particular saw unstoppable shots bounce back off the cross-bar and uprights.

Since then, the county's fortunes have declined somewhat, mainly because of the upsurge of Offaly in

Leinster but all along Heffernan, although not as fast as of yore, was still showing the way to the younger forwards.

During those tempestuous years St. Vincent's had been carving out their own special niche in G.A.A. history by winning thirteen titles in fourteen years.

And it was fitting that Kevin Heffernan should bow out of the game on a victory note, when his club won the recent county final by beating Clan na Gael. And fitting, too, that he should play an important part in that triumph which gives the club a record not likely to be equalled.

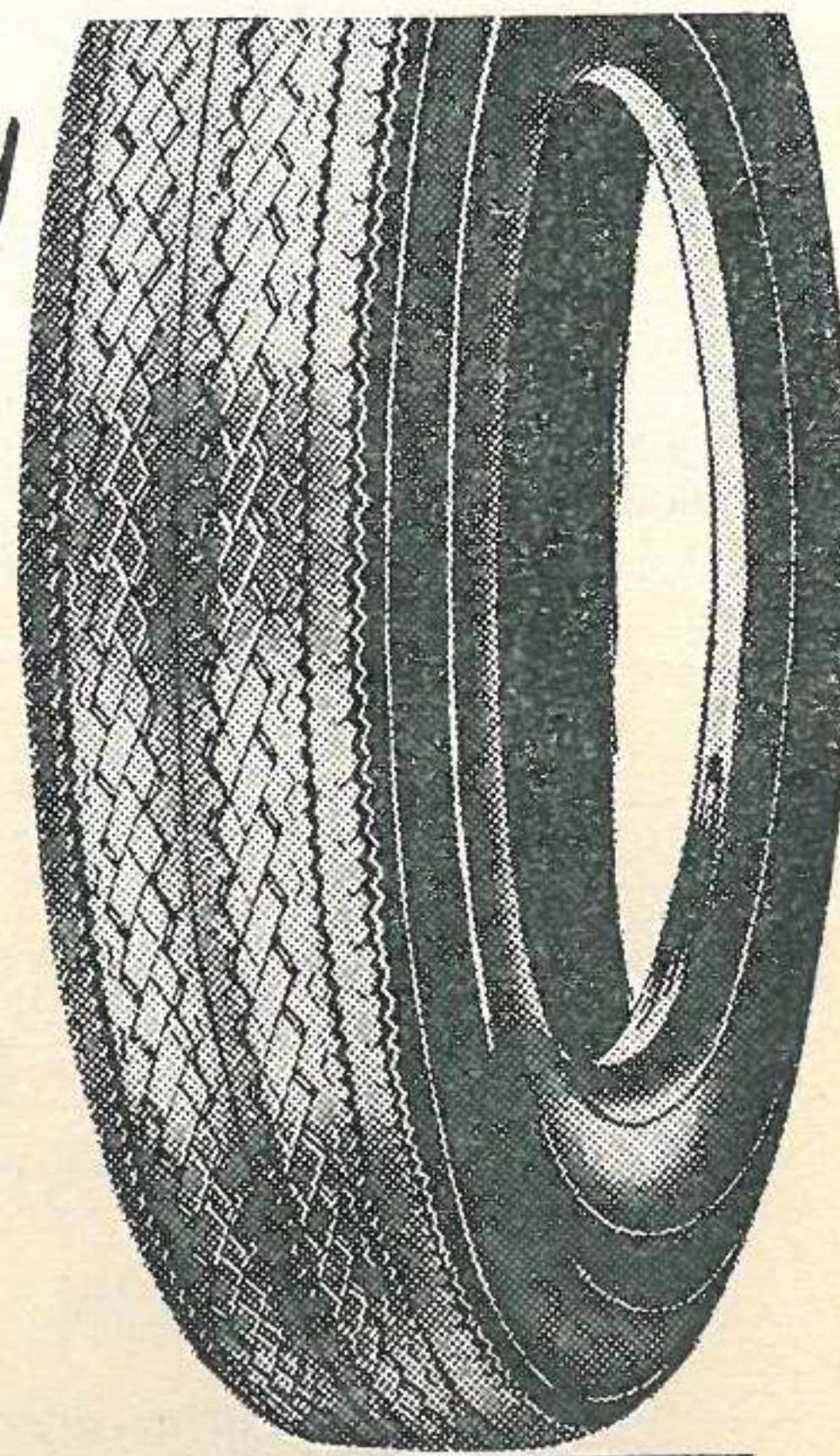
It is sincerely to be hoped that Heffernan will continue to lend his support on the administrative side of the game, for his advice would be invaluable to the up and coming generation.

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(Continued from page 51.)

asts in cities like Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago among others had no chance of watching the Offaly side they had heard and read so much about during 1960 and '61 . . . and that the Offaly players did not get to see the sights of these cities.

This was so because of the unhappy "cold war" existing in the United States between the two G.A.A. organisations—the New York and the American Boards, between whom there is no official contact and absolutely no co-operation.

Much has been said and written about this "cold war" and it seems there is no readymade, or early, solution to it. But it does appear to those here at home with no affiliations to one side or the other, that some working terms could be arrived at between the two.

No one expects either side to give away any of its rights and certainly none suggests that either side should control the other, but surely for the sake of the propagation of Gaelic games throughout the vast continent—and for the good of the players on both sides of the Atlantic—a truce must be called. Neither side has to surrender; in fact, each could go along in its own way as before, content to play its own competitions among the clubs under its control.

It is not even suggested that they be forced to meet annually for an All-American championship in hurling and football—contests which for many years to come New York would be likely to win anyway—but surely, reasonable men must admit that an odd challenge game in hurling and football could do no harm and would be a beneficial sign of friendship and co-operation, but not an indication of subservience.

"Live and let live" must be the policy. Recently the Central Council, which is the only ruling body between Congresses, suggested that informal talks begin between officials of the American Board and New York with a view to finding some acceptable working arrangement between the two bodies. This was the express desire of the entire Council; I hope it will not be ignored by either side.

A Wonderful Final

(Continued from page 7.)

end there was always the possibility that Ned Wheeler would turn the tide with a last minute goal. For this, even in defeat, was Wheeler's greatest hour, and if ever a man deserved to win the highest award that day, he did. It was Ned's misfortune that his corner-men did not play in close to avail of the panic he so often engendered among the Tipperary defence.

And, after Nealon, I thought the man who won it for Tipperary was goalkeeper Donie O'Brien who was a stone-wall when needed. But then, nobody had whipped two goals past him in the first minute. Which, as you'll see, brings us back to the matter of that two-goal start all over again.

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(Continued from page 11)

thern champions a reliable place-kicker I am convinced that they, and not Roscommon, would have faced Kerry for the Sam Maguire Cup.

The Central Council Grounds Tournament saw Cavan draw with Kerry and then lose on a replay. All who witnessed them agreed that these were two of the most entertaining games at Headquarters during 1962—and Cavan contributed their share to the enjoyment.

The Ulster senior and junior

titles, plus the Dr. McKenna Cup—that represents Breffni's share of the 1962 honours, and who can say that it is not a sizeable one.

Yet, many Cavan followers forget the progress and the victories achieved, and instead harp monotonously on certain defeats and a lost All-Ireland.

Was the Cavan team of 1962 capable of winning the Sam Maguire Cup? I do not think so, but it would take very little to fashion it into a title-winning outfit next season or in 1964.

The glaring faults, which must be remedied, were inaccuracy, both off play and placed balls, and a complete disregard from midfield up for the advantages of a quick delivery.

On the credit side, it must be said that Cavan produced a crop of exciting young prospects who proved their worth in no uncertain manner during 1962. Many of them helped win the Ulster junior title and earned immediate promotion to senior ranks, where they were perfectly at home.

Teenage Ray Carolan and his partner Tom Lynch have blossomed into one of the most formidable midfield pairings in the land, while Tony Morris, Jimmy Stafford and Seamus McMahon also left a distinct impression on the year just drawing to a close.

In the autumn, additional new talent appeared in the royal blue. Donal O'Grady impressed as a very competent wing half-back, while Phil "Lightning" Murray performed like a veteran and kicked off points with aplomb against no less an opponent than Kerry's "Tiger" Lyons.

I wonder, though, have the selectors been thoroughly fair to young Jimmy Stafford? A distinct success at left half-forward in the Ulster final, he has since been shifted to several other positions in attack.

While he did not exactly set the heather on fire, he hardly deserved to be relegated to the substitutes. After all, he proved his ability, yet much more experienced forwards with a long list of failures to their credit continue to bathe in the glow of selectorial confidence.

Cavan can do with lads like Stafford, and he should get every chance to settle down in his best position.

Summing up, it can be said that 1962 was a highly successful year for Cavan in many respects, and Breffni football is once again restored to a position amongst the elite of the game.



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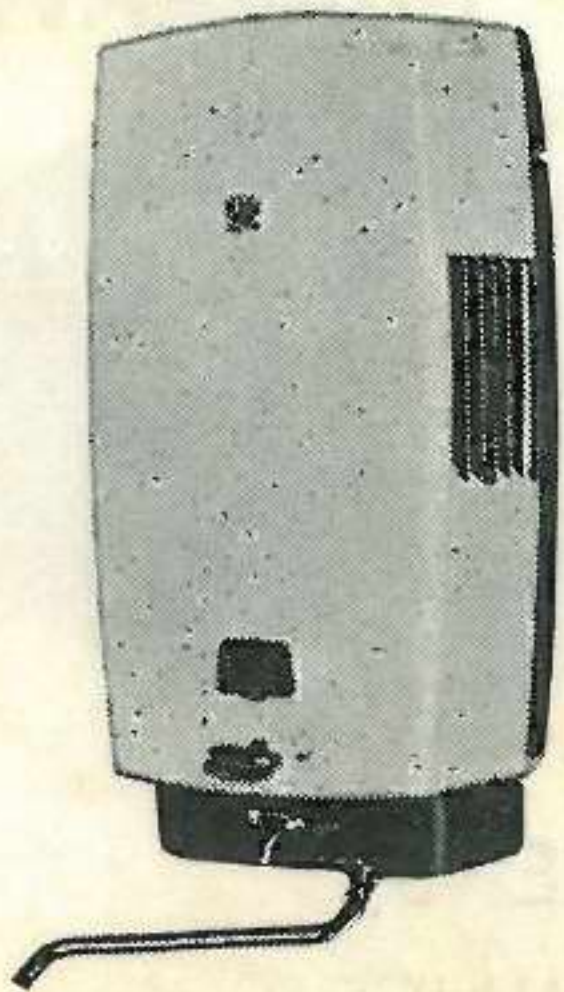
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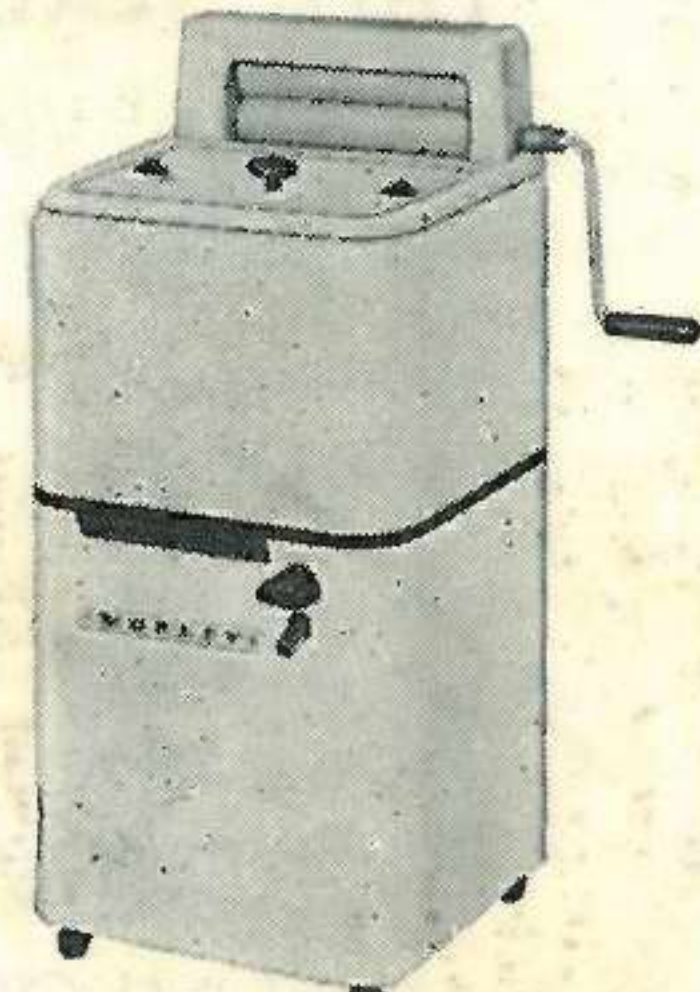
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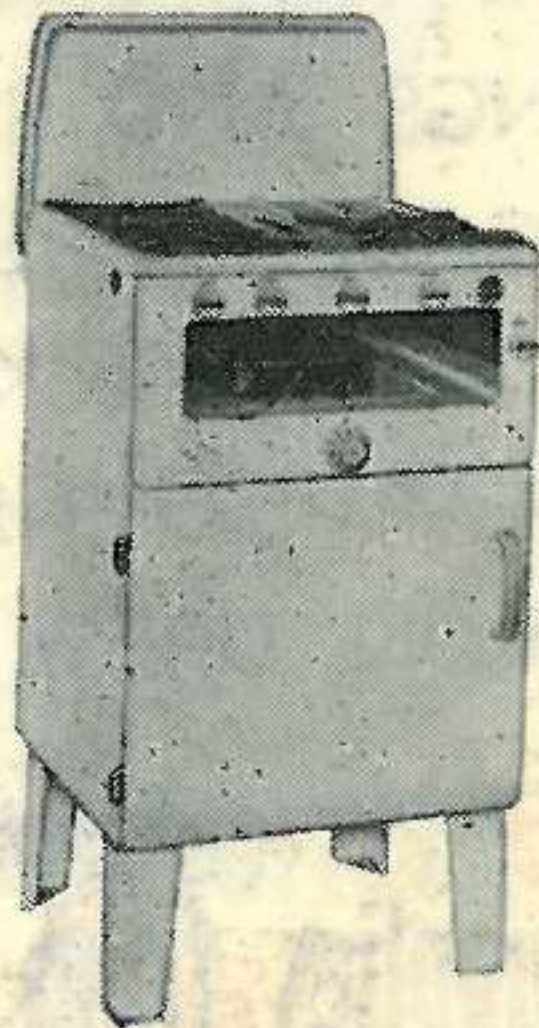
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